

1791;

A TALE OF

San Domingo.

EDWARD W. GILLIAM, M. D.

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1791:

A Tale of San Domingo.

BY

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.



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TO

THOMAS L. REESE,

THE HONEST MERCHANT, THE DUTIFUL SON, THE JUDICIOUS FRIEND,

THIS FIRST ESSAY AT FICTION,

CARRIED ON TO COMPLETION UNDER HIS ENCOURAGEMENT,

IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In preparing, for one of the periodicals, an article entitled "The African Problem," the author was led to examine the history of San Domingo—which island, since the slave insurrection of 1791, has been controlled by the blacks ; and, in certain incidents connected with that terrible outbreak, he found material which, he thought, would lay the foundation for a readable story. The story, therefore, was begun, and the result is in the following pages.

The historical portions are authentic, with the exception of a single anachronism (so to call it). It was necessary to place the scene of the story at the beginning of the outbreak. The author further desired to introduce Jean Jacque Dessalines. Since this negro chieftain, however, does not appear in history till several years later, the author has taken the liberty of representing Paul Dessalines as the twin brother of Jean and the fomenter of the insurrection, and of transferring to the former the well known character of the latter.

The "African" discussion between Colonel Tournier and M. Tardiffe fairly represents the views on that subject as held by the French Jacobins on the one hand, and the San Domingo planters on the other.

The introductory chapter first appeared as an historical article in *The Magazine of American History*, under the title of "The French Colony of San Domingo: Its Rise and Fall." The story, with some cutting down, was afterwards published serially in *The Catholic World*. Those who have read the serial will see in the book form substantial additions.

Among the works on the West Indies in general and San Domingo in particular, the author is especially indebted to Franklin's volumes and Rainsford's elaborate history.

1791=A Tale of San Domingo.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.



AN Domingo, in natural advantages, is unsurpassed. Three mountain ranges, of moderate elevation, traversing its entire length, are a guarantee for attractive scenery and well-watered land. The heat is tempered by the trade winds. The climate is salubrious, save along the coast. Splendid flowering plants adorn the plains. Majestic forests of pine, mahogany of the finest kind, the most valuable dye and cabinet woods, clothe the mountain sides. The soil is one of exceeding fertility, the low-lying districts yield-

ing in profusion the best varieties of tropical growths, while the productions of temperate regions thrive on the elevated slopes. In short, it is excelled by no other portion of the world. In its day it was called "The Garden of the West Indies," "The Queen of the Antilles;" and it was the boast of Columbus, when its native richness and beauty burst upon him, that he had found the original seat of Paradise.

Columbus discovered this turtle-shaped island December 6, 1492, and at Isabella, on the northern coast, established the first Spanish colony. The city of San Domingo was founded, 1496, by the brother of the renowned admiral. For half a century these settlements received marked attention from the mother country, and rose to great prosperity. But, as other parts of America were discovered, the inhabitants were drawn off; and the indigenes having been exterminated by excessive work and general ill-usage, the island, for a period, declined.

In 1789 its sovereignty was divided between France and Spain. The French colony occupied the western portion of the island, an irregular

north-and-south line separating it from Spanish territory. The area of this colony was ten thousand square miles, or one-third of the whole, being somewhat larger than the State of Vermont. It embraced three provinces, northern, southern, and western, presided over by a governor-general. Cape François, in the northern province, was the metropolis, and the Paris of the Western World. At the above date French San Domingo had reached a remarkable state of prosperity and splendor.

The utmost effort had been made to stimulate and improve agriculture, and on every hand the teeming colony smiled with successful industry. Spread over it were a thousand sugar plantations, and three thousand of coffee, not to mention the cultivation of indigo, cacao, cotton, etc., and the splendid tropical fruits yielded to trivial care. The narrow but rich plain of *Cul de Sac* itself contained one hundred and fifty sugar plantations, while the rising slopes, up to the Spanish lines, were clothed with coffee farms, that appeared from the hill-crests as so many thickets. In 1789 the colony laded, for France

alone, four hundred vessels. It supplied Europe with half of its sugar. Its exports were valued at \$28,000,000. Numerous roads, spacious and most beautifully kept, intersected the country in all directions. The planters lived in jovial splendor, in the loveliest homes in the world. From 1750 to 1789 (the beginning of revolutionary activity) the growth of the colony was marvelous, at the latter date reaching a height superior to all other colonial possessions.

The inhabitants were whites, mulattoes or people of color, and negro slaves. The rise of each is written in dark lines.

In 1630 a small body of French and English, who had established themselves on St. Christopher, one of the Windward islands, were ruthlessly driven out by the Spaniards. The greater part found refuge in Tortuga, a small island near the northwest coast of San Domingo, where they increased rapidly, and as buccaneers, became the terror of the neighboring seas. Upon the commerce of the Spaniards, their special enemies, they took the amplest revenge. Predatory excursions soon gave them a footing on the

western coast of San Domingo. Eventually, the English buccaneers settled in Jamaica. The French section continued to gain ground in San Domingo, where gradually they left off piracy, and became planters. The French government now began to extend its care. Governors were appointed. The planters were increased by immigrants from the mother country. Wives were sent out. Negro slaves were taken in raids upon Spanish territory. An incursion to Jamaica in 1694 secured two thousand, and a notable impulse was given to the cultivation of sugar. The colony, in 1697, had greatly developed in numbers and importance, and the Spaniards, unable to cope with France, by the treaty of Ryswick formally ceded to the latter country the western portion of the island.

In 1789 the whites were known as Europeans and as creoles, between whom great jealousies existed. The former, generally, were public functionaries, military men, or merchants—lived chiefly in the towns—assumed an air of superiority, and exercised much petty tyranny.

The creoles or planters considered themselves the heirs of the soil—were excessively imperious and voluptuous, impatient of restraint, jealous of wealth and honor, unbounded in self-indulgence, yet hospitable and charitable. They commonly lived on the estates they cultivated, and resented disdainfully the assumed superiority of the European.

Of the mulattoes many were cultivated men, opulent and large slave-owners. Their characters often commanded respect, yet meanness of birth could not be forgotten. The whites looked down upon them contemptuously, and their condition, on the whole, was truly degrading. They were exposed to perpetual insult and humiliation—were governed by a set of local laws applicable only to themselves—on attaining their majority they were compelled to serve three years in a kind of militia, to keep runaway slaves in check—were subject to a “cor-vee” for the maintenance of the roads—excluded from public employments and the liberal professions—and not allowed to bear the names of their white fathers. Many had been highly

educated in France, and possessed large estates, and the deprivation of political and personal rights was borne with a gathering and ominous sense of resentment.

The circumstances connected with the introduction of the negro slaves, to replace the exterminated indigenes, opens the blackest page in Spanish history.

These indigenes—as they appeared to Columbus, before they had been broken and debased by the Spaniard's cruelty—were an interesting race. Reliable accounts represent them as being of lighter color than the inhabitants of the neighboring islands, and generally superior—singular in feature, but not disagreeable—in aspect timid and gentle, in person not tall, but well-shaped and active, weak in body, incapable of much labor, short lived, and extremely frugal. They were guileless in their manners, possessed fair apprehensions, were remarkably obedient to their rulers, humble, patient, submissive, with a love for quietude, and dislike for disputes. They exercised a simple agriculture and had made some progress in the arts of

ornament and of utility, displaying ingenuity in working beaten gold, and in the manufacture of a plain cotton cloth and earthen pitchers. In a word, they occupied a middle state between savage life and polished society—an unoffending, peaceable and amiable race. Their character was in keeping with the native fauna of the island, which contained no beast of prey, and no wild animal larger than a hare.

The bold bearing of the Spaniards, their great size and strength, and splendid aspect in shining armor and on caparisoned horses, produced in the minds of the simple islanders a reverential awe. They regarded them as having descended from the heavens, and gave them the honor due to superior beings. But the Spaniards were ravening wolves; and under a course of most merciless treatment the history of the indigenes is pitiful, till it ends with their extinction fifty years on.

Pioneer colonists are commonly reckless adventurers, without money or character. On his second voyage, to colonize Hispaniola, Columbus, good and great as he was, committed

the profound mistake of taking with him, for want of better material to complete his number, a lot of convicted criminals, who, let loose among the natives, made themselves free with their wives and property, and turned the colony into a hell.

The outrages became unbearable, even to this submissive people, and an unsuccessful attempt at resistance was followed by the imposition of a yearly tribute. In lieu of tribute, a slavery presently succeeded unequaled for cruelty and destructiveness. Unprotected by the stronger physiques which the ordinary environments of an underling race are naturally fitted to secure, they fell an easy prey to the pitiless Spaniards, who exhausted against the defenseless creatures every advantage their manifold superiorities conferred.

Under Governor-General Bobadilla, they were divided into classes, and distributed, like cattle, among the Spaniards, by fifties and hundreds. The attempt of his successor, Ovando, to modify these distributions into *hirings*, whereby, for a certain sum and for a specified time,

the Indians were compelled to work for the Spaniards, only deepened their oppression. Payment was made a plea for multiplied exactions. The character of the pitiless slavery advanced under Albuquerque and others, and the death of Isabella removed all check upon its rigors. The serious efforts of this amiable and illustrious princess in behalf of the political as well as the religious interest of the indigenes had been frustrated by the cruelty of the Spaniards. Their merciless treatment had been studiously concealed from her. It remained unknown till she lay upon her dying bed, and deeply distressed the last hours of the pious Queen.

Spanish cruelty had its root in avarice.

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?*

This grew so intense that the Indians came to believe that gold was the Spaniards' real God. Neglecting agriculture, they drove the natives to the mines, and there imposed tasks upon this feeble-bodied people that would have

been excessive for a far hardier race. They were worked till they spat blood, and the milk dried up in the breasts of nursing women.

Resistance offered at the outset proved utterly futile. On the *Vega Real* an army of a hundred thousand was dreadfully routed by a Spanish force but two hundred strong.

Resorting now to starvation against their enemies—whom they had observed, in contrast with their own frugal ways, as being immense eaters—they pulled up their edible roots, suspended agriculture, and fled to the mountains. The device recoiled against themselves. A third of the population perished; and the limestone caverns near the mountain summits still abound with the bones of the wretched fugitives who preferred death by starving to the intolerable tyranny of the Spaniards.

Henceforth they hopelessly submitted, and sank into a sluggish, dazed condition, with a perfect hatred towards their oppressors and everything pertaining to them. Those about to die and exhorted to baptism, refused the rite with expressions of abhorrence for the Chris-

tian's heaven, on being told that *Spanish* souls had gone thither.

The Indians worked only under the spur of blows and ill-usage. No indignity, no wrong, no treachery was spared them. They almost lost the semblance of human beings; and to such intellectual blights some of the newly arrived priests hesitated to administer the sacraments. The Spaniards spurned those whom their oppression had driven towards idiotcy, and treated them as an inferior species of animals. Instances are mentioned (in a neighboring colony) of Indian infants having been fed to hounds, and of a princess' son bartered for a cheese.

Multitudes perished in the four chief mines—multitudes disappeared from suicide, famine, fatigue, and superinduced disease. Laborers became scarce, and, to supply the want, the Spaniards visited one of the Bahamas, and, representing to the islanders that the spirits of their departed friends and ancestors were living happily in Hispaniola, entrapped, within a few years, forty thousand, and sent them to the

mines. To close the dreadful recital: the Spaniards worked these mines so actively, that, at the end of fifty years, there remained not one hundred natives out of the one-and-a-half million who happily inhabited the island upon its discovery by Columbus. It is a horrible story against Spain; and from these infernal wrongs, has arisen the wrath of God to wither, to this day, the Spanish settled portions of the New World.

The inhuman treatment of the indigenes raised up advocates. The most notable was Las Casas. He thought it less cruel to work negroes. They had far greater powers of endurance, one negro being considered the equal of five Indians. To mitigate, therefore, the sufferings of the latter, as well as to sustain the colony now languishing for labor, the Emperor Charles V. adopted Las Casas' suggestion, and granted to one of his Flemish favorites a patent for the yearly importation of four thousand. This privilege, sold to Genoese merchants, became the foundation of a regular trade for supplying the colony—a trade that

continued to increase throughout the whole archipelago, where the negroes multiplied with prodigious rapidity. It has been noticed as a remarkable historical fact, that the humane efforts of this noble-hearted priest should be so closely associated with the establishment in America of the African slave trade.

In 1789 the colony contained 450,000 slaves—the mulattoes and free blacks being 24,000—the whites, 40,000.

At this date it had reached a height of prosperity without parallel in the history of colonial possessions. Many of the proprietors, enormously rich (hence the phrase, *as rich as a creole*), lived half the year in Paris in the most sumptuous style, attended, as a special act of legislation allowed, by retinues of slaves—passing the winters in their beautiful West India homes. Others resided permanently in France, and spent all their revenues abroad; yet, so vast were the capabilities of the island, that, under a careful system of tillage which “wrested from a most fertile soil the most immense wealth,” riches multiplied as if by

magic. The private luxury and public grandeur of the colony astonished the traveler, and its accumulation of wealth was a constant source of surprise to the mother country.

Unhappily, dissoluteness had advanced with equal strides, and the outward splendor rested on frail virtuous supports. Morally, the mulattoes appear to have been the superior class. The planters and negroes were alike depraved. The former were sybarites. Opulent and dissipated, they had reached a state of sentiment and manners the most vitiated, and the slaves had caught the infection. If the master was proud and voluptuous, the slave was vicious and often riotous, and the punishment frequently cruel and unnatural.

Society, moreover, was throughout in a condition of antagonisms, the creole slave regarding with scorn the newly imported African; the free mulatto disdaining the creole slave; while the whites looked down with contempt upon all, and were themselves divided by the wretched jealousies between planters and functionaries. It was an atmosphere of suspicion

and ill-will, in which an evil construction was given to everything. No determinate principles guided the superior classes. Each passing event became a new occasion for discontent. In a society so circumstanced the revolutionary spirit agitating the mother country found ready entrance, and the dissolution of social order was apparently threatened.

In the discussions in France (1787–88) that preceded the meeting of the States-General, each race became profoundly interested. The doctrine of “liberty, equality, and fraternity” was warmly indorsed by the whites—yet for themselves alone. The mulattoes saw the opportunity for realizing political and social rights. The slave, too, became an interested listener, and began to feel the stirring of new aspirations. The latter, at the outset, remained quiet, though, as Rainsford observes, the efforts in their behalf by Lafayette, Mirabeau, and the Abbé Gregoire made their condition a prominent topic of conversation and regret in half the towns of Europe.

The mulattoes, however, promptly insisted upon political equality; and at once arose between them and the whites a bitter struggle, which the vacillating course of home legislation—now favoring one party, now the other—prolonged and greatly intensified. It was a most deplorable state of affairs, and tore the colony dreadfully. Both sides were in arms, and not infrequently in bloody encounters. There were collisions, and then settlings towards repose; then fresh aggravations and impending conflict, followed by recedings from the verge of war.

Finally, May 15, 1791, the national assembly passed a decree—warmly supported by Lafayette, Condorcet, Gregoire, and other leaders—granting to the “people of color” full political rights. The tidings reached San Domingo in June, and fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. It at once consolidated all parties among the whites against the mother country. The colonists had been dividing against themselves, as the sentiment of the national assembly developed towards the enfranchisement of the

colored races, some advocating one course—others another. But race feeling is deeper than political feeling; and the whites, in the presence of the enforced equality of the “bastard and scorned” mulatto, by a natural *esprit de corps*, became consolidated. The worst, too, was feared from the decree’s effect upon the slaves, who had already grown noticeably deliberative and restless. In a frenzy of rage they determined to reject the civic oath. They forced the governor to suspend the operation of the decree, till they could appeal to France. In the northern provincial assembly a motion was made to raise the British flag.

The mulattoes, alarmed, yet exasperated to the last degree, gathered in armed bodies. The sentiment prevailed that one or the other party must be exterminated. War seemed inevitable—when the blacks (August 15), rising in vast numbers, suddenly appeared upon the scene, and within four days laid one-third of the northern province in utter ruin.

The whites, in consternation, now promptly granted civil rights to the mulattoes, and these

(generally slaveholders), turning against the blacks with all the zeal that the powerful interests of property inspire, peace appeared not improbable—when the fatal legislation of the national assembly reached its climax. For, moved by the remonstrances of the planters' agents, who raised the cry that the colony was about to be lost, and ignorant of the black rising and the accord between whites and mulattoes, the assembly (September 24) repealed the decree of May 15. The mulattoes could not be persuaded that the planters had not instigated the repeal—lost all confidence in the whites—threw themselves into the negro camp—and a furious and fatal war ensued.

Thus perished—amid unparalleled scenes of uproar, butchery, and beastly outrage—this splendid colony, founded in the cruelties of the Spaniard and the buccaneer. It was a day of blood for blood—of vengeance for those wretched indigenes whose merciless slavery these blacks had been imported to bear. It is amid these scenes that the following narrative takes its rise.

CHAPTER II.

CAPE FRANÇOIS.



CAPE François, before its destruction by the revolted negroes, was a splendid city, the real capital of French St. Domingo. It was strikingly situated upon a small plain hollowed out from between two noble mountains (called *Mornes* by the natives) that rose from the city's limits towards the west and the north, the latter ending abruptly upon the bay, and giving a strong site to Fort Picolet, whose guns commanded the entrance to the harbor. A narrow passage to the north-west, and a broader one southward, between the Western Morne and the bay, led to the celebrated "Plaine du Nord," whose fertile expanse was studded with thriving towns, smiling villages, and its far-famed coffee and sugar

plantations. Thirty well-built streets crossed each other at right angles ; public squares were numerous and attractive, and in its air of graceful wealth and elegance the Cape, as it was commonly called, rivalled the foremost cities of Europe.

It was on an August evening, 1791, in a handsomely furnished room at the Hôtel de Ville—a fine stone structure on la rue St. Louis, and facing the Place de Clugni—that Charles Pascal and his son Henry were conversing in earnest tones. The elder Pascal was dressed with scrupulous neatness, in the style prevailing anterior to the Revolution: a square-cut and collarless coat, long-flapped waistcoat, stockings gartered at the knee and beneath the breeches, which buttoned over them; low-quartered, square-toed shoes, with red heels and buckle. The hair was gathered in a queue. and a broad black ribbon, called a *solitaire*, encompassing the throat and fastened behind, completed the attire. He was a tall, spare, rather feeble-looking man, who had scarcely turned fifty, but one would have taken him to

be far older. A settled shade of care or grief lessened the effect of regular and clearly-cut features. His manner was grave and courteous, yet firm withal.

A year before—a victim to the uproar and terrors of the times—Charles Pascal had lost a beloved wife, *née* Beatty, from one of the Carolinas, whom he had met in early life, during a business visit to Baltimore. Recent pecuniary losses had all but wrecked an abundant fortune. The first inroad was an outlay as endorser for his brother, who by injudicious investments and mismanagement lost his wealth, and was now living in Jamaica, whither he had gone with the hope of rebuilding his fortune. About the same time an opportunity offered to buy at advantage a valuable plantation, which, as adjoining his own, he had long desired, and his bank-balance was well-nigh exhausted in the purchase. He soon realized his mistake; for the revolutionary spirit in France, extending to St. Domingo and embroiling the whites and mulattoes, had paralyzed trade and spread ruin through the colony. The planters were espe-

cially affected. That the slaves should be indifferent to passing events was impossible; They had grown increasingly restless, insubordinate, and idle, and agriculture, that before had proven enormously remunerative, was now conducted at a loss. Under these circumstances plantation life had become exceedingly irksome to M. Pascal, when the confirmation of certain fears hastened a change he had been contemplating. Dismissing his salaried manager, and placing plantation affairs in the hands of his body-servant, Jacque Beatty, he closed his mansion, and had that morning domiciled himself at the Hôtel de Ville.

His companion was a well-proportioned young man of three-and-twenty, with light hair and clear gray eyes, inherited from his mother. Excepting the chin—a feature so often deficient, but here perfect—and an excellent set of teeth, his lineaments, taken singly, were not specially noticeable. The combination, however, was unusually attractive, and gave the impression of an amiable, intelligent, and resolute character. He had received in the best schools of Cape

François a finished commercial education, declining, in view of his parents' health and being an only child, an opportunity his father offered to study at the French capital. For some years he had been agent for Thomas Harrison, a wealthy Englishman, who conducted in Baltimore a large trade in West India fruit. Since the outbreak of the revolutionary spirit his business had greatly declined, and Mr. Harrison, in appreciation of his efficient services, had been corresponding with him in reference to the transfer of the agency to Jamaica, and connecting with it a branch house for the sale of American goods. He had but recently returned from an extended visit of inspection to Kingston, and it was a current *on-dit* that he was on the eve of removing thither.

"You are doubtless surprised, Henry," said the elder Pascal as the former entered the apartment in response to a note from his father, "at my being domiciled here, and without a line to you of my intention."

"In truth I am," he replied, "though these are days of surprises."

“Life at Sans Souci, Henry, had become a heavy drag.”

“I know that, sir, and have often advised your spending a portion of your time at the Cape.”

“I should probably have remained, however, had I not had grounds for apprehending an outbreak of the slaves.”

“An outbreak of the slaves!” cried Henry Pascal with a mingled sense of astonishment and dread, for he knew his father possessed a cool, clear judgment, and was little controlled by idle alarms. “I trust, indeed, you are mistaken, sir.”

“I have such fears, Henry.”

“No such fear is felt here,” quickly rejoined the son.

“Ah! Henry, the spirit of liberty is abroad, often, alas! wild and irrational; but its cry, for good or for evil, rings through the air. The Commons are seizing it in France; the mulattoes are struggling for it here; may not the slave, too, strike to be free?”

“Why, sir, I cannot but think—and I express the common opinion—that the negroes have been remarkably quiet under the extraordinary provocations to excitement they have received for the past two years.”

“I have noticed a tendency to deliberate,” replied the elder Pascal.

“And what inference do you draw?”

“That deliberation among slaves is the prelude to revolution. They are a vicious set, corrupted by their profligate, sybarite masters, and ready for anything.”

“Do you think,” asked Henry Pascal reflectively, “if a revolt were precipitated, it could possibly be successful?”

“Why not, Henry?”

“Because a black rising would at once consolidate the whites and mulattoes; and against the alliance what could the slaves effect, without wealth, education, or military means?”

“Upon the question of success I might say, Henry, that there is a point where mere numbers must outweigh the united force of wealth, intelligence, and prestige; that the blacks pos-

sess splendid physiques, are not deficient in personal courage, and stand nearly ten to one against whites and mulattoes combined."

The elder Pascal had been speaking in a quiet manner, but at the same time in a manner so assured that his son could not avoid suspecting that behind his calm utterances there was something which had not yet appeared. Pausing a moment, he said :

"My dear father, this is a matter of startling import. Let me hear the precise grounds for the fear you have expressed."

"They are briefly stated," he answered, counting off the arguments upon his fingers.

"First: these days of uproar and change tempt to such a movement. Second: we have among us not a few recently imported Africans, who sigh for their savage freedom, and remember against us the wrongs done them, the kindred from whom they have been torn, and the horrors of the middle passage. Third and especially: the negroes are becoming convinced that the mulattoes will triumph in their struggle for political rights, and fear the result upon

themselves. Though apparently quiet, they have been on the alert and eager in their inquiries, and are as conscious of the general course of affairs as you or I. They have leaders who keep them informed. They see that the sentiment of the National Assembly is becoming more and more Jacobin, and developing overwhelmingly on the side of the mulattoes; and that, with the whole power of France exerted to enforce the 15th of May decree, the mulattoes must win. The mulattoes are known to be hard masters, and with the enlargement of their civil rights the negroes fear their own lot will become more straitened."

"I must say, sir, that these grounds appear to me largely speculative."

"Have you seen, Henry, the Abbé Gregoire's letter, addressed to the people of color upon the passage of last May's decree?"

"Yes, sir."

"It distinctly declares," continued the elder Pascal, "that the logical sequence of that decree must be the ultimate liberty of the blacks."

“But why not believe with the abbé,” rejoined Henry Pascal, “that emancipation will come by-and-by, and peacefully?”

“Never, Henry, never! African slavery is essential to the best interests of the colony, and has so grown into the body politic that it could not be torn away without rending a thousand fibres and letting out blood. The abbé’s most unfortunate letter has already sped through the blacks as a fire among dry leaves. Besides,” he added, bending towards his son and speaking in a lowered and intense voice, “*I have had a warning from Jacque.*”

“What, from Jacque!” exclaimed Henry Pascal, starting from his seat and suddenly showing the most profound interest. “Has Jacque Beatty had aught to say about this?”

“He has,” replied his father.

“What are the disclosures?” was the hurried inquiry.

“Two days ago he sought me in private, and I will confide his information upon the pledge of secrecy he required, as involving his life.”

“The pledge is given,” said Henry Pascal; when his father proceeded:

“Jacque’s words were few but startling—that a movement looking to revolt was widespread and well-organized; and that the outbreak would probably occur within a few days. Inquiries could elicit no more.”

“God knows, it is enough! ejaculated the younger Pascal.

“The interview ended,” continued his father, “with my obtaining permission to speak of his disclosures to you. Your duties often take you to the plantations, and, as you were unconvinced by other considerations, it becomes necessary to give you the benefit of this faithful negro’s warning.”

Henry Pascal for some moments remained buried in thought. By all who knew him Jacque Beatty was held in the highest esteem. His fidelity to the Pascal family had been thoroughly tested, and Henry Pascal at once realized the gravity of the disclosure.

“Would it violate the pledge,” he asked,

“to advise the authorities, on general grounds, to take steps against the danger?”

“Not a finger, Henry, can be raised in that direction. The pledge to Jacque, that what he said should lead to no action beyond the personal safety of my family, is sacred. He has risked his own life for mine, and my word of honor shall be inviolate.”

“At least I can speak to Col. Tourner, and urge his coming to the Cape. The relations I bear to his daughter place his family within the conditions of the pledge. I must see him to-morrow.”

Further conversation followed in this direction, when the elder Pascal said: “There is another topic, Henry, pressing for consideration. You know the condition of my personal affairs. What real estate I own in this city is now all but valueless, and planting is carried on at a loss. Even if matters become no worse, the course of my affairs is directly towards bankruptcy. An outbreak of the negroes is upon us, and, whether ultimately successful or not, it would further depress agriculture, and I

am broken up root and branch. A frail state of health at my age excludes the hope of rebuilding my fortunes, even should the colony prosper again; and I must be looking towards you, Henry, for aid. Mr. Harrison's considerate offer—for so, I think, I may call it—is most opportune. Your business here has greatly declined, with little prospect of recovery. You speak English as fluently as French, and would have in Jamaica superior opportunities. I advise acceptance. I would go with you, and would leave this accursed island without a regret, did not your mother's dust rest within its soil."

Henry Pascal was a noble son, full of warm sensibilities, and his father's tone struck deeply into them. His filial look and manner gave the true reply. His *words* were:

"My dear father, Mr. Harrison's proposal, as you are aware, I have been very carefully revolving, and shall now most probably feel obliged to accept it, though tender ties bind me to St. Domingo. Wherever I am my strength is yours, yours always." And of the

spirit of these words Henry Pascal's entire life had been the faithful expression.


Filial affection! how lovely a grace! Alas! that it is fading out in this material age. Parents are parents still, and encircle their children with pure, rich currents of love. But children know not parents, or, like dumb cattle, are mindful only of the hand that provides. Alas! for our Christian name, that filial piety decays, and to-day finds its best expression in a heathen land.

It was a late hour when Henry Pascal bade his father good-night, and left for his lodgings on la rue St. Simon. The elder Pascal soon retired, but it was long before he slept. A thousand thoughts thronged his mind. He dwelt upon his married life, upon its happy course, upon his wife's love; and with the memory of her loss was mingled a sense of satisfaction that she was removed from the burden of such days. His mind ran back to his early years, to the home of his youth; and the scenes and incidents illustrating his parents' tender care and his own conduct towards

them he recalled with all the freshness of yesterday. With a restful feeling his thoughts then turned upon his noble, generous son. The angry cloud that had gathered so suddenly, and was about to burst upon the distracted colony, would, complete, he knew, his financial ruin. But through the gloom filial affection was a star of hope that shone with a steady and cheering ray.

CHAPTER III.

LA PLAINE DU NORD.

ILLIAM Tourner came of a good English family. A wild, reckless young man, and overwhelmed by debt, he fled his country and found refuge on the island of Tortuga, among the buccaneers—a French and English piratical aggregate. A difficulty resulted in the separation of the nationalities. The English buccaneers became settled in Jamaica. William Tourner, for some cause, remained with the French section, which finally secured a firm footing on the western coast of St. Domingo. There, like many others of the buccaneers, he amended his ways, became a cultivator, and took to wife a Spanish woman, from which union descended the Col. Tourner of our narrative.

Col. Tourner—his former rank in a militia regiment gave him the title—was a well-preserved, middle-aged man of character, taste, and cultivation. True to his English and Spanish origin, he manifested, save to his intimates, a somewhat reserved disposition, the more noticeable among the lively French creoles. He was blunt of speech and impatient in temper, a frequent cause (to speak in a Johnsonian way) of his being disagreeable to others and a source of unhappiness to himself. Those who knew him well valued his worth. Good men are better than they seem to be, and bad men are worse.

His fortune stood in his estates, which he cultivated with pride and successful care. Though far from being a voluptuary, as the planters generally were, he supported, under a stimulus from Madame Tourner, a superb and expensive establishment, and accumulated little out of his revenues. His creole wife, *née* Marie André, was an attractive and accomplished woman, free, affable, amiable, but over-indulged and wordly-minded, and a votary to the ostentation of wealth. A leader of fashion and a devotee to

display, she maintained an elegant style of living, and paid homage to riches as the means of gratifying her luxurious tastes.

Their only child was a daughter, Émilie, a beautiful character, harmoniously blending the best qualities of her parents. Henry Pascal had won the heart of Émilie Tournier. The families lived near each other in the same parish, and were intimate. The children grew up, as it were, together, and had formed for each other an affection of the strength of which they were unconscious until separated by Émilie Tournier's going abroad.

The disturbed condition of France induced Col. Tournier to send his daughter to England to complete her education. Eighteen months before she had returned in the fulness and freshness of her charms. Henry Pascal eagerly pressed his suit, and bore away the prize from a number of competitors. Marriage, however, had been deferred, first, by the death of Madame Pascal, and again by the disastrous conflicts between the whites and mulattoes, and the distracted state of colonial affairs. Among those

who had sought her hand was a young ex-proprietor, Louis Tardiffe, an accomplished man, but thoroughly unprincipled. Shrewdly perceiving at the commencement of revolutionary activity the probable course of affairs and depreciation of property, he had sold his valuable San Domingo possessions and invested the proceeds in foreign funds. Fifty thousand pounds in the Bank of England was for those days a substantial worldly guarantee. Though a rejected lover, M. Tardiffe continued to pay occasional visits to the Tourner family, where he was warmly received by Madame Tourner, with whom he had early ingratiated himself, and who admired him the more as the wisdom of his investments became more and more apparent; and, generally, his solid wealth, when fortunes were everywhere crumbling, made him a person of marked consideration. As colonial troubles multiplied he had thoughts of quitting the island. A mingled sentiment of love for Émilie Tourner and revenge against his successful rival restrained him; and in the waning fortunes of their families and his own secure wealth he

began, as he thought, to perceive a lever which, worked with the address he felt conscious of possessing, might yet capture the one and crush the hopes of the other. He was now living in fine style at the Cape, on the interest of his investments, and in politics professed to be an extreme Republican.

Belle Vue, the home of the Tourners, was five leagues southward from Cape François, on the road between Petite Ance and Dondon, and a league from the former village. The Pascal plantation, known as *Sans Souci*, lay a league and a half east from Belle Vue, on the road connecting Petite Ance and Grand Rivière.

A morning ride in the West Indies is delightful. But to enjoy it one must be up betimes, for the sun rises at six, and his early ray is powerful. The morning after the conversation given in the last chapter Henry Pascal rose with the earliest dawn. He had slept but little. Thoughts of the impending revolt, of its possible success, of its disastrous effects in any event, of the distractions it would add to the already distracted colony, of his father's embar-

rassments, of his leaving San Domingo, of Émilie Tournier, filled his mind and banished sleep for hours.

He dressed hastily and looked out. A rain—for the wet season was at hand—had fallen during the night. Save a stretch in the east, which was slightly reddening, the sky was still overcast; but the clouds hung high and moved lazily. In the upper air a few bats were skimming for the morning's meal. Otherwise, all nature lay in repose, and looked freshened by the evening's rain. Having despatched a simple breakfast, he mounted the livery bespoke the previous evening, and, stirring the mettle of his horse, in a few moments lost sight of the Cape behind the Western Morne.

His road lay through the finest portion of *La plaine du Nord*, and the opening day disclosed, in its kind, a scene of unrivalled beauty. The French colonists adopted every means to stimulate and improve agriculture, and the best results were exhibited on this celebrated plain. On every side, the deep, dark, rich soil was tilled with the utmost care, and with prodigious

returns. Separated commonly by citron hedges studded with wild flowers that never lost their bloom, field succeeded to field, the sameness being relieved here and there by the plantation houses and the luxurious mansions of the proprietors and managers, approached through magnificent avenues, and all embowered in flora of varied and splendid description. It is usual throughout the West Indies—sometimes on the same plantation—for cultivation to be carried on the whole year round. A ride, therefore, of a few miles often suffices—as on the morning before us—to show the cane at every stage of advancement, from the planting to the cutting. From the well-kept road—shaded at almost every point by rows of lime-trees, or the graceful papaw or spreading mango, and with wild flowers innumerable decking its borders—wide stretches of cane-cuttings, of the dense, dark-green middle growth, or of the cane in flower and waving its delicate lilac crest, came successively in view. And when the glorious tropical sun arose and spread his radiance over the scene the effect was magical.

The prospect was, indeed, eminently beautiful, and though Henry Pascal had oftentimes witnessed it, its influence was still fresh and irresistible, and dispelled for the moment the gloom into which his thoughts had plunged him.

On entering the Belle Vue plantation he became conscious of more than ordinary activity and bustle. Here, as elsewhere, great columns of black smoke were rolling up from the sugar-works. His attention, however, was particularly drawn to the gangs of slaves, who, under the field overseers, were cutting down the straw-yellow cane, and, though at all times a merry race, their unusual hilarity, while with boisterous song and sally they vigorously plied their work, indicated, as did the aspect of the fields, the "Crop Over," or what elsewhere is known as the "Harvest Home," when, the last cane having been cut and sent to the sugar-house, each slave receives a quart of rum, a holiday, and a feast and dance prepared for them on the green.

A gang of negro women near the road-side, in turbaned head, and osnaburg petticoat well

tucked in at the waist, were especially noticeable for their queer song, the dolorous sentiments of which were in sharp contrast with their superb physiques and the abundant evidences of rich and joyous life around them. One served as leader, the rest joined in the refrain; and the words Englished would run as follows:

“Sangaree da kill de capt’in,
Oh! Lor’, he mus’ die;
New rum kill de sailor,
Oh! Lor’, he mus’ die;
Hard work kill de nigger,
Oh! Lor’, he mus’ die.”

From the road entrance, framed in massive stone and iron, the approach to the Belle Vue mansion was through an avenue of superb mountain-cabbage trees, towering often a hundred feet. Behind these on either side, and some distance off, stood the negro cabins—the better class rudely made of stone, roofed with a thatch-work of palm; and all embowered among mangoes, Java-plums, sour-sops, sapa-dilloes, and other trees bearing sweet and pleasant fruit. The mansion—an ample frame

building, somewhat low for its area and simple in structure, yet possessing an air of elegance, with large, high-pitched rooms, wide, airy passages, and girt with deep galleries protected by trellis-work on the sun-exposed sides—occupied a central eminence in the midst of a green lawn as smooth as velvet. A succession of terraces formed so many blooming and brilliant circles. Fountains and swimming-pools, cut in stone, cooled the air. Winding walks, set in beautiful little shrubbery, and shaded by trees in graceful variety—the feathery-plumed mountain cabbage, the stately palmetto, the waving cocoanut, the palm, the papaw, sand-box, and silk-cotton—led through the spacious grounds, the open places of which abounded with flowers, rich in many colors, and splendid beyond description.

Henry Pascal rode up, flung the reins to a valet, and a moment after was closeted with Col. Tourner.

“I have ridden hard and early,” he said, after the exchange of salutations, “to make a vital disclosure, but require a pledge to

secrecy, and to no further action than the safety of your family may demand."

"Zounds! Henry Pascal, you all but take away my breath," exclaimed the Colonel, whose look of surprise at his visitor's unusually timed call and urgent manner was increased by his words; "and you will completely do so, if you strap me up so tightly."

"There is no alternative," Henry Pascal gravely answered.

"I have so received the communication, and must so transmit it."

"But, in all seriousness, monsieur, do you deem it wise and safe to bind one's self thus absolutely, and in regard to an unknown and what you call vital communication?"

"The conditions," his visitor answered, "are unyielding."

"But, suppose," the Colonel continued, "I should bind myself to a wrong?"

"Col. Tournier," came the impressive reply, "I am here for your good. The pledge is required for the protection of a friend. It must be given, or I am compelled to return

with the word unspoken, and the consequences upon your head.”

The Colonel's scruple was advanced rather on the spur of the instant than as seriously entertained. It was a momentary resistance to a sudden and unlooked-for assault upon the will, and easily gave way, as reason asserted its office, before the high character and peculiar earnestness of his guest. He therefore added, after a moment's pause :

“I yield the point. Let me hear what you have to say.”

“It is even this: Jacque Beatty reveals to my father that a negro insurrection is at hand, and has advised him to improve his chances of safety by a residence at the Cape.”

“Mon Dieu! And what action has your father taken?” asked the Colonel quickly, and with a changing countenance.

“He is now domiciled at the Cape, twenty-four hours after the disclosure.”

“Dreadful! dreadful!” murmured the Colonel. “God take mercy on us!”

“But what precisely,” he added, looking up

at his visitor in an eager way, "did you gather from Jacque's communication—that a plot is forming, or that an outbreak is actually at hand?"

"The latter," was the reply.

"And you have full confidence in Jacque's statement?" the Colonel asked.

"Implicit. You must know, indeed, that the circumstances of the colony for the past two years afford speculative grounds for supposing such an event highly probable; but Jacque's word is enough."

"And you think," asked the Colonel again, "there is no exaggeration?"

"You know, monsieur, Jacque's character for prudence and fidelity. Not a doubt exists with me that an appalling calamity hangs over us."

"Why, Hénry Pascal," broke out Col. Tournier as a new thought struck him, "I feel confident my slaves would defend me. They are preparing to celebrate the 'Crop Over' this very evening; and I have never seen them more contented, or enter so heartily into the spirit of the occasion."

“That may be,” his visitor rejoined; “but do you suppose there are even chances that the defence would be successful?”

“What, then, in Heaven’s name, do you advise?” asked Col. Tourner, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of anxious uncertainty.

“That you follow my father’s example, and go with your family at once to the Cape.”

“Henry Pascal, you are right,” said his host after a thoughtful pause. “No other course is open. ’Twould be folly to risk my family by remaining here.”

“My God! what a prospect!” he bitterly added, and in apparent soliloquy. “I have been persuading myself that a brighter day would dawn; but, should the slaves rise, no hope remains, at least for the present proprietors. The colony becomes a wreck, and all of us beggars.”

It was finally arranged that Henry Pascal should secure apartments for the Tourners at the Hôtel de Ville, when the former, again pressing upon the Colonel immediate action,

bade his host adieu, to join Émilie Tourner, whom he had observed upon the lawn. Slightly above the medium height, with the graceful symmetry of outline in form and feature so expressive everywhere in tropical life, in the bloom of youth and health, her full, dark eyes beaming with intelligence and sensibility, Émilie Tourner, in her personal charms, amply sustained the reputation for which creole maidens are famous. Her character, in certain aspects, was a tropical exception. Possessing the simplicity, the enthusiasm, the purity of heart and warmth of affection characteristic of creoles, she was without the ordinary air of languor and tendency to inactivity and indolence, born of an enervating climate and habitual dependence upon retinues of slaves. Whether due to her remnant of English blood, or to her English education, or to both combined, her mental fibre had in it a useful element of firmness and energy. If we add a sweet voice and a winning manner, the portraiture is complete.

Some work to be done in the grounds preliminary to the "Crop Over" had required her direction, and she was returning as Henry Pascal approached, her graceful figure showing to advantage in the morning costume—simple, as became the hour, yet elegant, as became the daughter of a San Domingo proprietor. They met with the recognition of lovers. Startled, as her quick eye read the troubled mind of Henry Pascal, Émilie Tourner was the first to speak.

"Monsieur," she exclaimed hurriedly and with a look of alarm, "what has happened, tell me what has happened? You seem worn and anxious as I have never marked before."

"Be not disturbed, mademoiselle; I slept little last night, and have ridden since the morning's dawn."

"Are you not from Sans Souci?"

"No, mademoiselle; I left the Cape at four."

"Why, then, this long, early ride? And I am told by the valet that your horse has been urged!"

“The condition of the colony, mademoiselle, is sufficient cause for anxiety.”

“Such, monsieur, has been its condition for two years and more. So much angry discussion, so much rumor and turmoil and conflict, so many sudden and wild changes—all this has bewildered me. I am kept in a state of fearful expectance, and ready to start almost at my own shadow. Pardon my precipitancy. But your look, monsieur, and the circumstances of your visit, argue something unusual, and I must know what it is. It is far better, in these dread days, to know the worst than be racked with imaginings about some danger suspected.”

To this appeal Henry Pascal replied that she had conjectured correctly; that there *was* something unusual; and that in truth he had sought her to speak of it. He then pointed out, in a general way and at length, that the struggle of the mulattoes for civil rights was exerting the same influence upon the negroes that the struggle of the Commons in France had exerted upon the mulattoes; that the slaves, in many quarters, were ominously rest-

less and threatening; that he greatly feared they would very soon be another element in the disorder of the colony; that the times were becoming more lawless, and plantation life more unsafe; that his father, in consequence, had just changed his residence to the Cape; that he had come over to advise similar action to Col. Tourner; that, as the result of the interview, her father had instructed him to secure apartments for his family at the Hôtel de Ville, and that he earnestly desired her to stimulate her parents, so far as she could, to immediate action.

“I shall do as you wish me,” she answered, pausing to reply, “for I confide in your judgment. Yet all this has about it a suddenness I cannot fathom.”

“I am forbidden now, mademoiselle, to speak my mind more fully. You shall know more hereafter. Trust me,” he added in significant tones, “and heed my warning.”

She glanced at her companion, but said nothing. They had been slowly walking along the shaded way, and having now reached a seat

beneath a silk-cotton, occupied it in silence—Émilie Tourner absorbed in what she had just heard, her companion in the thoughts to which he was about to give expression. Presently he spoke, and with a touch of hesitation :

“Mademoiselle, I begin to despair of the colony, and my thoughts have been running upon the Harrison offer.”

“O Henry !” she cried, her manner suddenly assuming great tenderness, and tears filling her eyes, “will you—can you add to these new forebodings the prospect of your leaving San Domingo ?”

“Dearest Émilie,” he replied, deeply touched, and speaking in a strain of equal tenderness, “it is my love for you that moves me. My own business, as you are aware, is sadly reduced. My father’s fortune hangs by a thread. He has but his estates and slaves. Should trouble with the latter arise, the former are valueless. If the Harrison offer justified it, I would ask you to name our bridal day, and take you with me from this distracted island.”

“Have you, then, decided upon going ?” she

quickly asked, catching at what she supposed might be his implied meaning, and turning upon her companion a searching glance.

"I have not," he replied. "I was but speaking of what might become necessary."

"Do you think your going probable?" she again asked.

"Press me not, Émilie. I could not answer without speaking of matters upon which my lips are for the present sealed."

She had regained outward composure, but deep and despairing grief was in her words as she replied:

"My heart, Henry, has become lead, and sinks within me. I thought the excitements produced by the 15th of May decree were calming down, and danger disappearing. The darkness is gathering again, and seems deeper than ever. If there be light beyond, God help us to reach it!"


"I will not disguise from you, Émilie," replied her lover, pressed with fears, yet anxious to cheer her, "what I regard as the extreme gravity of affairs; but keep a brave

spirit. The skies shall yet brighten for us. Hasten your father to the Cape; you will there be secure, and we can speak together of these matters more fully."

The horse had been ordered, the adieus were spoken, and Henry Pascal, mounting the gig, and urged by the energy of his thoughts, was speedily at the Cape again; for the road was excellent, the sky still somewhat overcast, and the day an unusually cool one.

CHAPTER IV.

A DISCUSSION.

PON the departure of his guest, Colonel Tourner at once sought his daughter, and learned the character of the communication Henry Pascal had made to her. They agreed it would be better to defer speaking to Madame Tourner of the expected removal till the morrow. She was taking, as usual with her, a lively concern in the preparations for the "Crop Over." A lady of fashion though she was, she had at heart warm, tender sympathies, and, sincerely interested in the welfare and happiness of the slaves, and personally attached to many of them, the "Crop Over" was just the event to awaken her kind-heartedness. On these occasions her best stores were spread without stint before them, and she

was now busily adding to her stock of guava jelly and other delicacies, and superintending with great spirit the general arrangements for the feast—to the great delight of her husband, who was well known for his humanity towards his slaves, and encouraged to the utmost such exhibitions of domestic zeal.

The Colonel expressed his determination, in view of the increasing lawlessness, to ride over to the Cape early next morning, and, if proper provisions had been made, to remove thither immediately, in which proposed step his daughter warmly sustained him.

The afternoon brought an unexpected and, under all the circumstances, an unwelcome visitor in the person of M. Tardiffe. He had that morning ridden over to Dondon to see some friends. Calling at Belle Vue on his way back to the Cape, he accepted a pressing invitation from his *bonne amie*, Madame Tourner, to stay to the “Crop Over.”

M. Tardiffe was a thorough type of the Frenchman of the period. A *retroussé* nose and a pair of small, bright eyes occupied their

usual place in an oval, clean-shaven, and secretive countenance. He was marked by a stoop in the shoulders, used glasses, and addressed one with a suspicious kind of smile and turned-up cast of the eyes. The ordinary conception of a gentleman he very well realized, being skilled in the accomplishments of the day, well-informed, polished, and agreeable, but withal was vain, insincere, vindictive, and dissolute—though his pretensions were otherwise.

Preparations in hand for the “Crop Over” gave Madame Tournier and her daughter satisfactory excuses for absence, and during the afternoon Colonel Tournier and his guest were together alone. Conversation almost necessarily turned upon politics and colonial affairs, which, though apparently not so threatening as they had been a month or two before, were yet threatening enough, and were in the heart and on the lips of every one.

It was a period when the strifes of factions had become merged into a sentiment of intense hostility to the mother country. At the beginning of revolutionary activity, and with an eye

to the preservation of slavery, the planters were a unit for legislative independence, it being justified in their view by the intelligence and wealth of the colony and the impossibility of speedy communication with France over the wide ocean between them. They argued that the local affairs of the planters would be best administered by the planters themselves, and that in periods of excitement and danger prompt and prudent action by those on the ground and familiar with all the circumstances might be essential to the life of the colony.

But as the tendency towards enfranchisement of the colored races developed in the National Assembly, other parties arose. Some—and among these was Colonel Tourner—favored a British protectorate; others desired colonial independence under the general guardianship of the European powers; others were monarchists, or friends of the late *régime*; whilst others were republicans. To the latter party belonged M. Tardiffe, who was conspicuous for championing the shifting sentiments of the National Legislature.

These divisions greatly weakened the cause of the whites. They were suddenly healed, however, by the effect of the 15th of May decree, which terminated the embittered struggle in the enfranchisement of the mulattoes. For two years the colony had been in uproar, often in arms; but the storm that burst upon receipt of the news of this decree was unparalleled. With the exception of a few inveterate republicans, all parties at once became consolidated against the mother country. In the Northern province, and especially in its capital, Cape François, the feeling was exceptionally intense. A motion was made in the Provincial Assembly, then in session at the Cape, to reject the civic oath and raise the British flag. A deputation was forthwith despatched to France to intercede for the repeal of the obnoxious decree, the execution of which the governor-general at the peril of his life was forced to suspend until the result of the embassy should be ascertained. The hopes thus raised had abated somewhat the outward agitation; a deep and wrathful feeling nevertheless remained.

The mulattoes, on their part, furious at the palpable injustice done them and the cowardly conduct of the governor-general, sullenly awaited the aid of the French government. The disastrous issue of former conflicts alone restrained them from open hostilities. The two parties thus stood at daggers drawn, and a dreadful sense of uncertainty and insecurity pervaded the colony.

At this crisis M. Tardiffe, alone among the prominent citizens of the Cape, remained attached to the republican cause, even up to the point of justifying the 15th of May decree. A close observer of events in France, he foresaw the triumph of the extreme republicans, and having no property interests in San Domingo, to be affected by the immediate results of the Jacobin policy towards universal liberty, he was influenced by a not uncommon political incentive, the wish to be on the winning side. He predicted the speedy emancipation of the slaves, and even went so far as to hold that it would be to the ultimate benefit of the colony. These opinions, freely advocated in public,

drew upon him an excessive degree of odium. On more than one occasion violence was offered him, and his life being seriously threatened, he took the advice of friends and for a period withdrew from the Cape, remaining at Dondon, where he had relatives. Under these circumstances, he became exceedingly popular with the mulattoes and blacks, and suddenly rose to great influence over them. His name was everywhere on their lips, and far and wide he was known as *l'ami des noirs*. He was now at the Cape again, for the excitements had sensibly declined. But his opinions he held very quietly, and, though no craven, deemed it advisable to withdraw almost entirely from public view.

Restless under this mental repression and seclusion, it was with a sense of relief that he discussed affairs with Colonel Tourner. Their opinions differed widely. But on former occasions they had amicably debated their differences, and though the Colonel understood the character of his guest, and had no special admiration for him, yet M. Tardiffe's manner

was conciliating, and the latter felt safe in giving free expression to his views.

On Colonel Tourner's part the conversation at the outset was reluctant and cold. The interview with Henry Pascal had left him abstracted and moody, and he would greatly have preferred his visitor's absence. His heart, however, held a heated current of thought, which, struck by M. Tardiffe, soon sent glow and point into the dialogue.

"I am happy, Monsieur Tourner," said M. Tardiffe, in his smiling way and florid style, "that affairs wear a more improved aspect than when we last met."

"I see no change but for the worse," was the somewhat short answer.

"For the worse! *Ma foi*, monsieur, you must speak jestingly."

"There are maladies, Monsieur Tardiffe, wherein the sufferer outwardly seems rallying, while inwardly the disease hastens its deadly work."

"Pardon me, but I fail to comprehend."

"I mean this," said the Colonel: "the shilly-

shally course of that madcap body, the National Assembly, now favoring the whites and now the mulattoes, has so embittered the struggle, and so spun out the wrangle over what are called the natural rights of man, that Jacobin follies have taken root among the slaves, and I fear we are threatened with a strike for freedom, which would give the colony its *coup de grâce*."

"You astonish me, monsieur, and I must regard your view a mistaken one."

"Very well, we shall see."

"The aspiration for freedom," continued M. Tardiffe, "has doubtless been caught by the blacks; but it's incredible they should attempt to realize it by violence, when a legal and peaceful medium is perceived to be at hand."

"You think, then, the slaves will be free, one way or another?"

"I do, monsieur. France will confirm the enfranchisement of the mulattoes, the current is all in that direction; and the freedom of the slaves must ensue as a logical sequence."

"So says the Abbé Gregoire."

“Yes, monsieur, and a noble letter the Abbé has written.”

“Noble! forsooth!” exclaimed the Colonel with a frown. “Yes—noble you may call it, if to breed rebellion and blood be noble! The slaves understand that letter far too well.”

“They also understand, Monsieur Tournier, how affairs in France are progressing in their favor. Why should they attempt to seize the prize, when a resort to violence would ensure the postponement of it, quite probably the absolute loss? Their peaceable emancipation, monsieur, I believe would be for the advantage of us all.”

“Pshaw!” replied the Colonel, rising and showing impatience at the sentiment—“I have looked carefully into this question myself, yet know no grounds for any such notion.”

“What say you to the abstract ground, Monsieur Tournier? Has not the negro a natural right to be free?”

“Let me tell you—and pardon my plain speaking—that when I hear one propose a view in the abstract, I am ready to hear nonsense.

The *circumstances* and *qualities* of a thing are a part of the thing itself. Abstractions are mental toys, and cannot solve real questions. Take the negro as he is among us, with all his surroundings, and what are your emancipation reasons, or grounds for believing he has the wits for self-government and becoming a fit factor in our civilization?"

Colonel Tourner delivered this with an energy that surprised his guest. The latter, however, whilst resolved not to offend the Colonel whom he had special reasons for wishing to please, accepted the challenge, and continued:

"Is not the negro, monsieur, of the same stock with ourselves, and must we not suppose he possesses capabilities qualifying him to reach our altitude?"

"Of the same stock with ourselves, eh?—How do you account for his black skin and negro tokens?"

"By climatic influence. My opinion is, that the human race was one at the first in origin and color—that it multiplied and spread—and that separate sections, settled in different

latitudes, took on, under climatic influences acting with abnormal force in that early and impressionable period of the race's age—took on, I say, monsieur, under these circumstances, different hues, which, as the race grew and hardened, crystallized into permanent characteristics. Those who first dwelt beneath a tropical sun, became negroes."

"Clearly, but partially put, Monsieur Tardiffe. Now hear my opinion: it is that mental change and bodily change were contemporaneous, and that the same tropical sun which blackened the skin and crinkled the hair of those first dwellers, permanently weakened the brain also, whereby the negro is unfitted for successful freedom by the side of the white man."

"You push the climatic effect too far, monsieur."

"I see not how. I know no ground to bar the mental change. Every thing whitens towards the poles, and darkens and degenerates towards the equator—at least as respects man. His most perfect development is in the centre

of the temperate continents; and the first dwellers there were the ancestors of the white race, who, beneath a friendly sun, permanently received, in that early and impressionable age you speak of, their superiorities over the black-skin brother."

"You are hard upon *Monsieur le Noir*," replied M. Tardiffe, somewhat disconcerted by the unforeseen turn in his argument.

"Do you think I am one to be unfair to the negro?" asked the Colonel, with a spice of warmth.

"No, no, monsieur, not intentionally. I recognize fully your well-deserved reputation as an exceptionally benevolent master, and I believe you are ready to credit the negro with the abilities you honestly regard him as possessing. But I think you underrate those abilities. There are *facts*, plain facts, monsieur, that support higher claims than you allow."

"Facts are jewels," remarked the Colonel.

"The facts I refer to," continued his guest, "are the talents and erudition individual

negroes have displayed, and which gauge the possibilities of the race.”

“Give your facts.”

“Well—Benjamin Bannaker is a notable one, a Maryland negro, residing near Baltimore.”

“Bannaker is not unknown to me,” said Colonel Tourner.

“You know, then, his reputation for eminent scientific attainments—they have been recognized by the savants of France. Monsieur Pascal, Jr., has one of Bannaker’s almanacs, received through his Baltimore house, and it is a monument to this negro’s astronomical abilities.”

“Bannaker is a man of science,” answered Colonel Tourner, “and deserves the more praise, because his chances have been few and scant. But can he be a warrant for the intellectual hope of the *negro*, when his grandmother was a white woman?”

“It’s true,” continued the Colonel in answer to M. Tardiffe’s expression of surprise. “His grandmother was a Welsh woman, who freed one of her slaves and then married him; and I

fancy Bannaker's fine gifts are rather to be traced to his large measure of white blood."

"Well, well, Monsieur Tournier, I own to little knowledge about Bannaker, beyond his very remarkable talents. Should he prove unavailable for my purpose, I am yet not without examples."

"Let me hear them," the Colonel said. "This question has been a study with me, and I welcome any light you can shed upon it."

"I direct your attention, then, to one Thomas Fuller, a pure African, I believe—if I mistake not, an imported African—a United States negro, too, resident in the State of Virginia. The accounts are, that, entirely unaided, Fuller has attained phenomenal proficiency as a calculator, being able, by pure mental effort and more rapidly than the scholar's pencil, to solve the most difficult questions, involving series of multiplications, and with products extending into the millions."

"I make a note of all such cases, Monsieur Tardiffe, and know, too, something of 'Negro Tom,' as he is called."

“Very well—and what think you of ‘Negro Tom,’ as an argument?”

“Are you aware that this negro can neither read nor write, and that, beyond his wonderful gift for calculation, there is nothing to show he has more than a common-place negro mind?”

“Indeed!”

“Such are the facts, as I have read them; and his case is of a piece with those negroes—some have come under my eye—in whom a rare musical gift allies itself with a general mental state verging almost upon idiotcy.”

“Nevertheless,” replied M. Tardiffe, “these facts are intellectual phenomena, and possess significance. How will you value them?”

“As tokens of a high origin—as signs of what the *source* of the race is, not of what the race itself will be. Look around you, Monsieur Tardiffe. What promise do you see of advanced mental life in the negroes, as a whole? Is not the intelligence of the lower races centred in the mulattoes, and in them as they near the white stock? Look down the course of history. Where has the African built cities,

adorned letters, or founded great and conquering states?"

"We should look *forward*," eagerly interposed M. Tardiffe, "for negro civilization, and believe that as Asia was once in the ascendant, as Europe is now, so the day for Africa is to dawn."

"Monsieur," rejoined the Colonel, "the growth of civilization is not the evolution of successive continents. If civilization has withered in one quarter to bloom in another, it has been brought forth, in every instance, by some variety of the white or yellow race. Sixty centuries have passed, yet Africa remains *the dark continent*. If the blacks have the capabilities you claim for them, it is incredible that the history of the world should not point to a single illustration. I grant the talents and culture of individual Africans, such as Amò, Capitein, and Phillis Wheatley; but, believing the negro to be a deteriorated part of the human family, these occasional instances of cultivation, and such mental marvels as 'Negro Tom' exhibits, are proofs, to my mind, of a *noble ancestry from which the race has fallen, not of a height it is yet to reach*."

“Monsieur,” said M. Tardiffe, resisting *à l’outrance*, “you furnish material for reflection, but I agree not with you. Was not the primitive condition of man, let me ask, that of a savage?”

“Civilized man, then, has risen from savagism, eh?”

“Precisely so, Monsieur Tournier; and when the critical influence reaches the negro, or the proper impact from without strikes him, why should he not rise too, as the whites have done?”

“Perhaps you go a step further, and imagine what in these days we are beginning to hear, that the savage has risen from the ape, eh?”

“The theory appears plausible.”

“*Bagatelle que tout cela!*” broke out the Colonel—“a theory certain savants are amusing their leisure with. Have you read their books?”

“Some of them.”

“Don’t they assume that developments in nature are smooth and gradual?”

“Yes, monsieur.”

“How, then, do they fill the sudden and broad gap between the savage and the ape?”

“By an extinct species of lemur, known to savants as a pentadactyle, plantigrade bunodont.”

“Their learned jargon! Has this five-fingered, flat-footed bunodont, as they term it, ever been seen?”

“It is visible, monsieur, to the eye of science.”

“Have any traces of it in what are called the geological ages, ever been found?”

“Savants explain their absence, monsieur, through a theory of fossil formation.”

“Yes, yes,” responded the Colonel, “they have troops of theories, I own. See here, Monsieur Tardiffe, this fancied ape is the latest of its kind. There are numbers of older and living species. How happens it that *this* has been lost? Let them find it, or show traces of it, and prove the link, or yield to man a free chain of his own.”

“Well, monsieur, dismiss the ape, if you will. *N’importe*. But, *a propos*, allow me one question: Is not civilization a development?”

“Yes.”

“Very well: are not civilized peoples developments from savage peoples?”

“No—certainly not from savages of the lower grade.”

“What say you, then, of the Goths and Vandals, and other northern ancestors of the present European nations?”—and M. Tardiffe’s keen little eyes sparkled again at having, as he supposed, caught the Colonel in a corner.

“That they were not degraded savages.”

“Not savages, monsieur, when their name is a synonym for all that is merciless and vile!”

“I say, not *degraded* savages,” replied the Colonel. “The accounts we have of them are mainly from their enemies. The Gothic races lived in villages, followed husbandry and the chase, were organized into powerful military bodies, and showed aptitude for the higher culture the moment they touched it. Take the fiercest of them all, Attila and his Huns. Their war with the Roman Empire was a struggle between the free life of the plains and those luxurious settlements of Southern Europe

that had transferred political power to some of the meanest and basest of mankind. Attila, their king, could entertain Roman Embassadors with dignity and splendor, and was offered in marriage the sister of a Roman Emperor. Do you place such a people, sir, on the level of African savages, with wooly head and turned-out lip?"

M. Tardiffe sat silent, and the Colonel continued :

"No, monsieur, I *do not* believe that civilization has its sources in savageism. What does this new science of geology witness, but that the oldest and lowest manhood is a real manhood?—that in the deepest strata in which human remains are found, we find a real man, not a savage, but a *real man*, bearing rule over nature, and with aptitudes giving the hope of what he has since become? And when life's river appears within the bounds of history, it is seen to flow nobly from the start, and ever maintains, at some point at least, a high level. If it lowers in one quarter, it swells in another. From time to time it renews itself by a union

of currents, and is illustrated in its course by the Mosaic writings, Assyrian and Egyptian grandeur, Greek art and poetry, Roman law, and modern civilization. The lower forms of savageism, sir, are certain chronic degenerations, the swamps and bogs along its banks.”

At this point the entrance of a servant with sangaree and fruit interrupted the discussion. It was renewed, almost immediately, under a special and practical shape—the effect of emancipation in St. Domingo.

“Monsieur Tardiffe,” said Colonel Tournier—having dismissed the valet, and now assuming the aggressive, “what grounds have you for the notion that freedom would prove a betterment to this colony?”

“I can express it in one word,” replied M. Tardiffe, as he drained a glass of sangaree—“the blacks would be free to develop their capabilities; and the whites could then procure more intelligent workmen, without the burden of many slaves either too young or too old to labor.”

“Do you imagine the two peoples would

grow side by side peacefully, without race jealousies and struggles?"

"In great social revolutions, monsieur, jar-rings must accompany adjustments. *C'est inevitable.* But adjustment must come, and with advantage, since the change would rest on justice."

"Is it your opinion, Monsieur Tardiffe, that the two peoples would remain apart?"

"For a period, undoubtedly. But as the blacks attain wealth and cultivation, why should there not be a gradual coalescence?"

"Humph!" was the Colonel's brief reply, given very expressively.

"The twenty thousand mulatto half-breeds among us," his guest went on, "with every circumstance most unfavorable for the blacks, I take as a pledge for such a result, when the blacks, free and advancing, shall have reversed these circumstances."

The Colonel's question had been in a measure leading, and the answer made not unanticipated, but M. Tardiffe's manner was so cool and matter-of-course, and his response such a

combination of statement and argument, that the Colonel fired up and delivered a hot reply.

“In the lusty roves of white men among slaves I see no tendency towards a proper blending of bloods, Monsieur Tardiffe. Fusion, sir, would follow from the thorough social intermingling of the two races on terms of unconsciously recognized equality, and the freedom of marriage across the color line—and the bar to this, sir, I hold to be insuperable.”

“Monsieur, you speak positively,” answered M. Tardiffe, in his usual, inflated way; “nevertheless I am constrained to believe such a coalescence both reasonably possible, and highly probable.”

“Hut! tut!” the Colonel exclaimed. “Eman-cipation, citizenship, full political rights, *may be* possibilities, but social fusion, never!! Fusion with the blacks, forsooth! Become what they may, negroes will never see union with the children or children’s children of their masters. Set it down as a sure thing. The whites would spurn honorable alliance with them, as they have done with the bastard mulatto.”

“Your prejudices, Monsieur Turner, are pardonable.”

“Call it prejudice or what not, it has a scientific and permanent basis. This fusion you speak of, sir, is forbidden by natural laws.”

“What! Are my ears open? Forbidden by natural laws, do you say, when the wise inform us that mingling of bloods is an ethical blessing?”

“Mixing bloods is *not* a blessing, unless between varieties of the same group.”

“I do not altogether perceive your meaning, monsieur.”

“I mean, that mankind is marked off by color into three great groups, white, yellow, black; that the blending of varieties within each group is a betterment, but not the blending of the groups themselves.”

“Ah! monsieur,” said M. Tardiffe smilingly, “you are representing the theory of some intense Caucasian, no doubt.”

“Theories were in order just now, to coin the bunodont,” answered the Colonel, relaxing himself into a grim sort of smile; “but I give

demonstrations: The Griquas of South Africa, hybrids of Dutch colonists and Hottentots—the Mongolian and Slavic mixture of Russian-Asia—the Portuguese and negro half-breeds of Brazil—mongrel races, in make and mind and morals below the baser stock—are the *facts* in proof of what I say.”

“Monsieur Tourner, I confront facts with facts. In spite of the obstacles a powerful race prejudice originates, are not many of the wealthiest, best educated, and most respectable among us, the half-breed mulattoes?”

“That certain grades of the mulatto are far above the negro, I allow; but others are below him, and experiments show that the blending of whites and blacks would end in a debased hybrid race inferior to the native negro ancestry.”

“Permit me, monsieur, for the word ‘experiments’ to suggest ‘race partialities,’ as being a more accurate term.”

“They are the experiments, sir, of those men of science to whom you have shown a willingness to appeal, and the result, mark you,

is *fact*, not theory. Suppose fusion effected, sir, and the white blood of this colony all absorbed by negro embraces. It is certain that, under the division and subdivision of the white element, the grade of the mixed race would rapidly lower, and sink to points beneath the negro level. Fusion across the color-line would prove a *pure curse*, Monsieur Tardiffe; and the riddle for emancipationists is to find betterment in turning loose half a million negro slaves among one-tenth their number of highly cultivated whites, the former scarcely raised above savageism, and the two races remaining rigidly apart."

"It occurs to me, Monsieur Tourner, that for a practical man you expend a vast deal of vigor upon a somewhat theoretical question. Should it ever be at all, complete, unobstructed amalgamation is in the far future. Suppose the races are to continue asunder. Why should they not improve severally, and be mutual helps?"

"Two free peoples, standing apart, will not go forward side by side, without a struggle for the mastery," was the Colonel's reply. "The

world has never seen it, and *a priori* grounds are all against it."

"Methinks an intense Caucasian like Monsieur Tourner should not object to the struggle, seeing all the advantages would be on his side."

"What think you the odds are?" asked the Colonel.

"Why, monsieur, the immense superiority of the whites in respect to wealth, intelligence, and prestige."

"There is a point, Monsieur Tardiffe, where, under forms of law, mere numbers will overmatch wealth, intelligence, and prestige, combined. The blacks are more than ten to one against us."

"But would the blacks be disposed to utilize their power? The submissiveness born of slavery must needs linger long among them, and the race is known to be unambitious and unpersistent."

"Yet are they capable," replied the Colonel, "of sudden and great effort for an immediate end; and, roused and banded by a powerful *esprit de corps*, the outcome of white repugnance

and repression, they would resent the attempt to hold them as underlings. Realizing their power and led by demagogues, they would seize political power, and use it for race ends. The negro heel, sir," exclaimed the Colonel, with an outburst of startling energy, "would be on the neck of the white man, and kept there by the mere inertia of the mass. St. Domingo would become a *hell*, sir—the *prince of tyrants is he who has once been a slave!*"

A knowledge of the brewing plot imparted to the Colonel's conversation a peculiar point and bitterness, which, in view of the apparently improved condition of affairs, was a constant source of surprise to M. Tardiffe. He could not understand it. Astonished now at the vehemence of his host, he remained silent, and the Colonel continued:

"What, Monsieur Tardiffe, are the leading traits of the negro? I pass by theft and falsehood. They are the vices of slaves. Let slavery, too, explain, if it can, why the negro shrinks from thought, from foresight, and from toil. The race, sir, is gay and jovial, but, mark

you," he added, raising the finger of emphasis, "it is *cruel, revengeful, and intensely lewd*. By whom are the most fiendish crimes done among us? We shield our daughters red-handed, and the doom of the negro ravisher is swift and terrible. Yet does not his powerful lust often brave this doom in the beastliest and most pitiful outrage? Let the swelling numbers of this people, chafed by race antagonisms into vindictive moods, once get the upper hand, and what fate, sir, awaits the whites?"

"At the approach of such danger, monsieur, they would of course depart the island."

"Yes, they would be driven out in stark beggary—what would be left of them."

"Well, monsieur," said M. Tardiffe, deeming it advisable to shift the point, "you must allow, that the tendency of the age is to advance the political power of the commons, and they rule through majorities. I put an imaginary case. Suppose that numbers have prevailed and that the whites have emigrated, leaving the blacks in sole control. Do you think, with the monuments of civilization before them and the

memory of its methods fresh, they would improve?"

"No! I do not," was the Colonel's emphatic reply. "Semi-savages, used to no other subordination than that of domestic slavery, could not unite in the relations of regular government, or be moulded into a system of artificial society."

"I do not mean, Monsieur Tourner, that the negro would immediately, or within a generation, become an enlightened citizen; but would he not manifest advancement in that *direction*? He is a trained laborer, and labor is the basis of prosperities."

"He has been a laborer by compulsion," answered the Colonel, "and emancipation would be but another name for basking sloth."

"Such, monsieur, might be the immediate result. Liberty's first draught is intoxicating. But would not the ultimate effect be to stimulate and improve him? At the close of the last century the Scottish peasantry were as averse to settled industry as we can conceive any people to be. They were thieves and

vagabonds, living without law and begging from door to door. What is Scotland to-day, monsieur? The land of thrift and steady habits."

"The curse of the Scotch," responded the Colonel, "was insecurity of law. With a change of administration, betterment came. These Scotch, too, were another sort of people to the negro, with his immature, semi-civilized brain. A rising generation, Monsieur Tardiffe, must be frugal, industrious, temperate, and ambitious. I see no hopes of these becoming marks of negro character. Emancipation would mean emancipation from work. His indolence would find an ally in the bounty of the soil, and the negro would be an inveterate drone in an island where one month's steady labor would buy an acre, and one day's work in the week on that acre, yield food enough to maintain a family for a year. Left to himself and as he now is, he would sink below his present level. This splendid civilization would crumble at his touch. San Domingo, sir, which is meant to be a paradise, would become a pig-sty, and wild hogs root over these teeming fields."

“You say, monsieur, ‘as he now is,’” remarked M. Tardiffe, catching at the Colonel’s expression. “There *are* circumstances, then, under which you conceive it possible for free blacks to improve.”

The Colonel nodded assent.

“Well, monsieur, I shall be delighted to hear them, and have you furnish at least one ray of light to this dark theme.”

“The circumstances, I think,” was the Colonel’s reply, “would be their emancipation among an advanced white population, with the two races nearing each other in numbers. The whites would make and administer the laws and guide public opinion, and their energy and culture would be lifting to the vain and imitative black. He would have the spur and steerage he needs, the moral control exerted by a superior race ; and, tutored thus for some generations, would probably be able to stand alone.”

“Very good, very good,” exclaimed M. Tardiffe, in whom the discussion had developed a personal interest in his side, “and what next for *Monsieur le Noir* ?”

“At a certain point,” replied the Colonel, “the races should be separated. They have differing degrees of wit, and deep-seated social repulsions, and could not harmoniously unfold themselves within the same sphere. The negro has a meagre nature. He is but a grown child, an immature man, and the limit of his development is mediocrity or a semi-civilized state. Trained in the methods of civilization and set off by himself, he might thrive in his way and to his degree.”

“Ah! monsieur, your word ‘*might*’ obscures even this hope for the poor blacks.”

“The theme is a dark one, take it as you will. A black state, even under these circumstances, would be beset with perils, and would need at the outset the helping hand of the whites; for nations, Monsieur Tardiffe, ripen slowly, and the sudden formation of a political body is a most difficult feat.”

“You think the races should be separated,” said M. Tardiffe, in a musing sort of way.

“I do, monsieur.”

“Their remaining together you think would be an evil.”

“An unmixed and disastrous evil,” replied the Colonel. “Beyond a certain height the whites would resent the black man’s rise, as a menace to their own dominion. They would keep him an underling. In all quarters the blacks would be checked by the aroused antagonism and competition of the better trained race. Their growing self-assertion would be doomed to unceasing mortification. Every higher step of progress, every deepening of aspiration, would carry with it increased humiliation. The vantage-ground of the blacks would be their phenomenal fecundity; and the task of the whites would be to hold down a swelling, struggling, scowling race, gaining upon them in numbers, and enraged at being repressed. From this point, sir, I can see naught but troubles, mounting in magnitude, and ending with a life-and-death race struggle.”

“But, monsieur,” interrupted M. Tardiffe, “might not the tension be relieved by the gradual concentration of the races in different

sections, and the local supremacy of each on its own ground?"

"My answer, Monsieur Tardiffe, is, that the blacks are naturally unqualified for reaching the level to become meet helpers in sustaining an advanced civilization. Fitted for low flight, they would lose their wings in the attempt to soar near the sun. They would sink below the natural limit of their development, and, becoming moribund, would drag down those with whom they are allied. Race conflicts would multiply—politics would grow utterly vile—and the poison from a decaying member spread universal decline."

Warned by the stroke of the six o'clock plantation bell, the Colonel brought the discussion to a close:


"But, monsieur, I must allow time for your toilet. A word more: You are not to think I am in any sense a foe to the blacks. My life as a master is a pledge the other way. I know some noble negroes. My opinion of the *race*, as drawn from long observation and study, has been given. I hold that the three great divi-

sions of the human family—black, yellow, white—should develop *within themselves* towards their respective bounds, these being a half-civilized, civilized, and enlightened state.”

With these words Colonel Tourner rang up the valet and placed M. Tardiffe in his charge. The latter was soon busy at his toilet, which he elaborated with true French art and under the stimulus of meeting Émilie Tourner; and if thoughts in regard to her predominated, he yet retained a vigorous impression of the conversation in which he had just participated, and the reflection would come up that Colonel Tourner was a needle-witted opponent, and bristled all over with “negro” points.

CHAPTER V.

THE "CROP OVER."

T was an hour later when M. Tardiffe entered the drawing-room. His dress was strictly fashionable, and in the style, as far as tropical climate allowed, developed with the advance of the French Revolution: the coat long, and buttoning at the waist, whence it sloped off upwards and downwards, with a collar spreading upon the shoulders; the waistcoat open at the throat; breeches rather close-fitting and extending to the middle of the calf, where they were met by half-top boots; the cravat was tied loosely in bows, and the hair was worn long and gathered in a queue.

Émilie Tourner appeared in a style of simple elegance. The light muslin dress was short-

waisted, and fell in straight, loose folds to her feet. The sleeves, tight on the upper arm, expanded from the elbow, and terminated in a fringe of rich lace. About the throat a white handkerchief, with a flavor of lavender-water, was adjusted in such a manner as to represent, according to the fashion of the times, the breast of a pigeon; her *coiffure* was made *en boucles*, after the prevailing mode, the front hair forming a light mass of short curls with the back hair flowing, and she displayed a few pieces of rare *bijouterie*, a style of adornment for which creole young ladies generally show a passion. The only addition to the company was the manager in white dittoes, M. Fauchet, the usual guest of the proprietor on these occasions.

Tea was taken rather quietly. The Colonel had been so free in speech during the afternoon that rest was natural. Émilie Tournier was noticeably abstracted, and wore a pensive look. The conversation was chiefly confined to M. Tardiffe and Madame Tournier, the latter being in high spirits, and entertaining her guest in

the gracious and charming manner of which she was the mistress.

After tea she invited the company to an inspection of the festive tables. M. Tardiffe escorted Émilie Tourner, the latter protected against the dangerous dew by a hat trimmed with bows of ribbon and of great expanse of border, and the former by a peculiar palm chapeau, which, among San Domingo fashionables, replaced the flat, round brim, and tall, conical crown of the Parisian beaver.

The scene illustrated the proverbial loveliness of moonlight evenings in the West Indies. The clouds had all fled. The atmosphere, purified by the recent rain, was perfectly clear, and sweet with the odor of roses and lemon-flowers. The stars shone brilliantly. Myriads of fire-flies sparkled in the trees, and the mild radiance of the rising gibbous moon was paling the light of the many-colored lanterns that at every turn illuminated the grounds.

Cooking in the West Indies is done in small charcoal furnaces and out-of-door brick ovens, and for the two preceding days Madame Tourner

had been taxing her resources in this direction. The result was the rich and bountiful feast spread beneath a branching mango. Fowls, hams, Guinea-birds, turkeys, flying-fish, butterfish, pastry, tarts, guava jelly, preserved ginger, custard apples, pineapples, melons, etc., with jorums of lemonade and tamarind water, made a feast fit for a king.

Two dishes prepared especially for the negro taste were opossum and agouti, the latter larger than a rat and less than a rabbit, somewhat resembling both, and eaten by West India negroes with the *goût* of an alderman for turtle. A small table of honor was arranged apart for the "drivers" or field overseers. These commonly were old negroes of tried fidelity, who, under the white manager, superintended field-work. The single addition of turtle, served with rum punch, varied its viands from the general cheer.

The tables were in charge of a number of trusted servants, to whom Madame Tournier now gave some parting directions, when the company proceeded to the lawn in front of the mansion,

where, as the boisterous mirth indicated, a large assemblage of jovial “darkies” were having a “high” time.

The negro disposition is eminently social and convivial, and the beautiful moonlight evenings in the tropics are their delight. They are great chatterers, and will keep late hours spinning yarns and telling “Nancy” stories, or tales of ghosts and goblins, which West India negroes call “jumbees.” The slaves, too, often gave “parties” or balls, to which not uncommonly, it must in truth be added, the larders and wardrobes of their masters and mistresses were made to furnish liberal contributions. Dancing is a passion, and on these occasions they frequently “do” with skill and grace the prevailing styles, which their imitative powers have caught from their owners. During the *soirée* at the mansion one might often see the slaves on the green beneath the open windows, executing, with extra agility and chuckling delight, the various “sets” at the call of the musician.

Near the centre of the lawn, in front of the mansion, the carpets had been spread for

dancing. The musicians—a fiddler, a tambourine-player, and a man beating what is called a triangle—were seated on an elevated platform, where they did duty with a gravity befitting their office. Beneath them was a crowd of lively blacks, looking as pleased as Punch, and all in holiday rig. The slaves were excessively vain of their personal appearance, and, if necessary, would go in rags during the week to have something to wear on a *fête* day or at a “party.” The men on this occasion wore woollen caps, the dews being heavy and dangerous. The women were tricked out in different styles of flashing kerchiefs twisted into high turbans, gaudy gowns, many-colored sashes, and a profusion of cheap ornaments.

In the midst were the dancers “doing,” in their turn, Scotch reels and quadrilles with intense *gout* and joyousness. Encircling these was a throng of blacks constantly moving in and out among themselves and giving vent to a thousand gay sallies, cracking their ready jokes upon the manners and customs of the “buckras,” and breaking now and then into

loud and glad laughter at some of their witticisms, the point of which it was often difficult to see. The jabber was “immense.” On the outside crowds of little blacks as plump as puddings were gambolling and cutting capers over the green.

They were a lively set—free and easy, for the occasion was privileged, yet perfectly well-ordered—bubbling over with the merriment born of a jovial temperament and superb physique; and their healthy, contented, happy countenances reflected the care of a benevolent master.

At the instance of her maid, who was a reigning belle, and now craved the aid of her young mistress in completing her personal adornment, Émilie Tourner returned for a few moments to the mansion. The Colonel, in expectation of a sojourn at the Cape, was conferring with Manager Fauchet in regard to plantation affairs; and M. Tardiffe saw the coveted opportunity for a word in private with Madame Tourner.

He had keep himself thoroughly informed

as to the circumstances both of the elder and the younger Pascal, and was cognizant of their unsatisfactory condition. This, indeed, was a common remark among the Pascals' acquaintances. For Henry Pascal he professed friendship, was not unfrequently in his company, knew of the Harrison offer, and had discovered by adroit and apparently casual inquiries that acceptance was not improbable. He often dropped in at the Hôtel de Ville, it being a news centre and resort for men of wealth and leisure, and was aware of the elder Pascal's arrival and taking apartments an hour after the event. Putting all this and the *on dits* of the Cape together, his shrewd and interested intelligence had drawn conclusions and concocted insinuations which he was most desirous to communicate to Madame Tournier. He therefore at once joined her and proposed a turn in the grounds.

"Verily, I must congratulate you," he said. "The banquet your kindness has prepared for these blacks is really sumptuous."

“The Colonel, monsieur, allows me a *carte blanche* on these occasions.”

“I trust, too, madame, your efforts will be justly appreciated, and that the black taste may not discard your delicacies for ‘possum fat and agouti.”

The expression, though highly ill-bred, was a natural one under the circumstances, and had a logical connection in M. Tardiffe’s mind. His aim was to lodge among Madame Tourner’s thoughts an objection against matching a daughter reared in luxury with a man the worldly fortunes of whom were in so critical a condition as those of Henry Pascal. The general idea uppermost was the unwisdom of joining things ill-suited for each other, and, without reflecting on the impropriety, he seized upon the illustration before him, in the spreading of such delicacies before the gross appetites of negroes, and not rather allowing their plate and palate to accord.

He had no sooner spoken, however, than he perceived the *faux pas* as being an uncalled-for fling at the slave, as well as a stricture upon

Madame Tournier's judgment, and was not surprised, therefore, at the evident displeasure conveyed both in the substance and the manner of her answer.

"They are negroes and slaves, I know, monsieur, but they have human hearts, and will be grateful for at least having offered to them what is rare and costly."

"Pardon me, dear madame; but I was reflecting—pardon my saying so—that the times are not the most propitious for revealing to slaves the difference between cabin fare and the luxury of the mansion."

It was a clumsy effort to extricate himself, and Madame Tournier rejoined with an arch smile:

"What danger can follow, monsieur, when the slave, as you are aware, disdains the higher style of living?"

"I own the thrust," he replied laughingly. "But pray, madame, tell me why mademoiselle appears like one bereaved. 'Tis her wont to charm us all with her grace and high spirits."

"I cannot tell, and it troubles me not a little. Monsieur Pascal made a hurried visit this

forenoon, but I was so busy at the ovens—you see, monsieur,” she parenthetically remarked in her winsome way, “I have quite a range of aptitudes—that he left before I could speak with him. Since then Émilie has been depressed.”

“Ah! Ah! I perceive—an *affaire du cœur*—a case of melancholy—*la maladie sans maladie*.”

“I haven’t had an opportunity,” Madame Tournier continued, “of speaking with her fully; and she seems to be reticent. I trust Monsieur Pascal brought no alarming news from the Cape.”

“I have heard of none,” M. Tardiffe replied, “except what relates to the Pascals themselves.”

“The Pascals!” cried Madame Tournier excitedly, stopping in her walk, and turning in astonishment upon the speaker. “What can have happened to the Pascals?”

“Ah! madame, *la langue m’a fourché*,” insidiously answered M. Tardiffe. “It repents me to have awakened your curiosity, since ’tis mere street gossip, and may be unjust to our friends.”

“It is no curiosity, but matter of deep personal interest, monsieur; let me know what this gossip is.”

“After all, madame, it scarcely comes within the category of ‘alarming,’” remarked M. Tardiffe who had reached the point for disclosing his beguiling news, but held it back with a kind of orator’s pause, that he might give it with increased emphasis.

“Explain yourself, Monsieur Tardiffe,” spoke up his companion with symptoms of impatience. “What concerns the Pascals concerns us.”

“Well, Dame Rumor has it, if it must be spoken, that Monsieur Pascal is unable to meet his obligations and may lose his estates.”

“Mon Dieu! Can it be true?” cried out Madame Tourner. “But, monsieur,” she added with a sudden lowering of tone, “the rumor may be an error, or at least overdrawn.”

“It has probably originated,” replied her guest, “in another rumor that Monsieur Henry is about to become a clerk in a Kingston counting-room.”

“He has had such an offer, I know,” remarked Madame Tourner with a serious air, and apparently regaining composure.

“It is surmised,” continued M. Tardiffe, “that he would not accept so poor a position, and one so remote, if his father had cash to spare.”

He glanced at his companion, but she said nothing and he went on :

“Monsieur Pascal has left Sans Souci, and taken apartments at the Hôtel de Ville.”

“Indeed !” spoke up Madame Tourner.

“And the *on dit* is that, under all the circumstances of the family, he will probably emigrate with his son.”

“The Pascals to leave San Domingo and we know nothing of it ! Monsieur, it is impossible !” exclaimed Madame Tourner, again arresting her steps and facing her companion. “And yet,” she continued after a moment’s consideration, and as if communing with herself, “it would explain this abrupt visit and Émilie’s dejection.”

“I’m very sorry for the Pascals,” remarked

M. Tardiffe in his bland, oily way. "But, after all, madame, virtue is the only nobility."

"True, monsieur, true; yet for those who have known affluence to shrink themselves into the fittings of poverty is a difficult and a painful task."

"Ah! madame, Jamaica is a prospering isle, and Monsieur Henry is young and capable. He will speedily win fortune for mademoiselle."

"My daughter, Monsieur Tardiffe, has no occasion to be solicitous for fortune," answered Madame Tournier with dignity.

"Pardon me, dear madame, mademoiselle is richly and doubly endowed, I know, in person as in purse."

For a moment or two Madame Tournier remained silent and in thought, when with a sudden and remarkable change of manner, abruptly answering her own reflections, and breaking away as if from a spell, she gaily cried:

"You shall not cloud our 'Crop Over,' Monsieur Tardiffe. That such reverses and proposed changes should exist, and we have heard

not a word concerning them is *perfectly incredible*, monsieur, and I will give no credence to these idle Cape *on dits*. Come, we will rejoin our friends; they are awaiting us."

Notwithstanding her assertion of incredulity, as the party became one again M. Tardiffe was not unobservant of the significant glances Madame Tourner gave her daughter, and felt satisfied he had lodged in the mind of the former some *judicious* trains of thought.

West India dewes, as has been already remarked, are heavy and dangerous, and upon the coming up of Madame Tourner with her guest the party repaired to the piazza.

In the meanwhile the negroes had been doing fine service at the tables, and were now, in jovial bands, returning to the dance. At a signal the sounds suddenly ceased, and all became expectant, as four young dusky fellows took a position on the green, midway between the piazza and the carpets, and sang in their patois, to a plaintive air and with really fine effect:

"Me be a nigger-boy, born in de hovel,*
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine;
 Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,
 Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.
 Me drink my rum in de calabash oval,
 Me neber sigh for de brandy or wine;
 Me be a nigger-boy, born in de hovel,
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.
 Me be a nigger-boy,
 Me be a nigger-boy:
 When me live happy, wha for me repine?

"Me neber run from my master's plantation.
 Wha for me run? Me no want for get lick.
 He gib me house, and me no pay taxation;
 Food when me famish, and nurse when me sick.
 'Mancipate-nigger, he belly da empty;
 He hab de freedom; dat no good for me;
 My massa good man; he gib me plenty,
 Me no lub free-nigger better dan he.
 Me be a nigger-boy,
 Me be a nigger-boy,
 Me happy fellow; den why me want free?"


It was a delightful incident, expressive of the simple truth, and to Colonel Tourner, cognizant of the brewing plot, especially pleasing. The French planters, generally, were capricious masters, by turns excessively indulgent and severe. The power to control was in consequence diminished, while their sensual, sybarite habits spread an evil example among the slaves,

* A song current throughout the West Indies in slavery days.

and rendered them less controllable. Colonel Tourner was a man of pure, unsullied character; a firm, just, and generous master; and the tender, sympathetic nature of his wife had endeared herself and family to the slaves by a thousand kindly little acts in sickness and on other occasions. The effect upon them was not only an exceptional reputation for character and efficiency, but a deep personal attachment to their master, to whom not unfrequently they would kneel for a blessing when he visited the cabins, as he often did, in looking after their welfare; and Colonel Tourner felt justified in the opinion he had that morning expressed to Henry Pascal, that should the negroes rise, he was confident his slaves would defend him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OUTBREAK.

HILE Colonel Tourner's negroes were thus regaling themselves and making merry, another body had assembled at no great distance off, and for a far different purpose. The meeting was at the cabin of one Sharper, a sawyer by trade, who, like many of the more intelligent negroes, was allowed to hire his time, he accounting to his master for so much per month. He lived in an out-of-the-way spot in a forest, as suitable to his trade, at the declivity of the high range of hills between Dondon and Grande Rivière. His cabin of two rooms was made of wattling, plastered on the inside with clay, and roofed with a thatch-work of palm, the walls being adorned with paper cuts of all shapes and

sizes, many of bizarre design, and irregularly arranged after negro fashion. Here were met a score of insurrectionary leaders. They dropped in one by one, and having assembled, placed sentries, with watchword, upon every possible avenue of approach.

The plot was widespread and well organized, the general plan being to murder the plantation whites and fire the buildings; surprise, if possible, the smaller interior towns, and, when pressed, to retire to the mountains, where they could concentrate and drill, and secure arms, as they hoped, from their Spanish neighbors. For a commissariat they looked to the labor of their women and the natural bounty of the soil.

The special objects now were to decide upon the date and the scope of the impending massacre. To lessen the chances of discovery it was important that the date should be as early as possible, allowing time for the runners to speed the word. The second day from the meeting was accordingly agreed upon, August 22—the hour, midnight.

As for the other question—who should be the victims?—some favored sparing women and children. A majority, however, at the outset, pressed for indiscriminate massacre, and the sentiment became unanimous after an harangue from a notorious runaway. This fellow bore the name of Welcome; and one Latour was the monster master from whose cruelties he had fled and who had lost, it was alleged, within three years, fifty of his negroes from inhumanity. Welcome harangued as follows:

“Some of you sabe 'bout me. I tell you all. My massa, he da sen' me out to hunt he run-aways. I hunt day an' night, an' me no fin' 'em. I go home, an', my massa, he da lick me an hour wid a cart lash. De lash, it da go roun' my body, an' break de skin eb'ry time. Den, my massa, he sen' me out ag'in. I hunt up an' down, an' me no fin' 'em. I go home, an', my massa, he da lick me ag'in till I faint. I be laid up one whole week in de sick-house. Den, my massa, he sen' me out ag'in, an' now I be runaway, too.

“I git plenty to eat an' hab good time. But

I want fur to see my mammy, Elsee. My mammy, she be good to me. She be de only one dat lub me. One night I stole in to my mammy's cabin; but she be dead. My massa, he say to her, 'You sabe where Welcome be'; an' he da lick her, an' he da pour bilin' water down her throat. An' my mammy, she be dead, an' I be fur *blood*. Ef we doan lick de buckras, you all sabe it'll be de same to de nigger, ef he hit sof' or ef he hit hard. De buckras will lick us an' torment us an' string us up all de same. I be fur to hit *hard*. Ef we doan git to be free, we'll hab *blood* for *blood*."

The 22d of August began with sunshine, but closed in furious storms. Until noon the day was clear and still and the sun shone with unusual splendor. An hour later a freshening breeze blew from the south-west. Presently, in that direction, the sky became overcast. The cloud rose with a whitish, clearly-defined border, and deepened in color until near the horizon it assumed a uniform purplish black, through which lightning flashed, and above whose line a mass of broken cloud, angrily

moving within itself, rolled rapidly forward. As it neared the zenith its velocity apparently increased. A few spiteful gusts disturbed the perfect stillness, when, with abrupt and furious onset, the storm burst. Clouds of driven dust filled the air. The wind roared through the trees, which bent and groaned and lashed their strong arms in the struggle of resistance. Suddenly the darkness deepened, and the flying leaves and branches could scarce be seen. The sequence, however, was but a heavy rainfall. The fury of the storm had passed; yet at intervals other storms followed, with lightnings and mighty thunderings, making such a night as is seldom seen beyond the tropics. Wind and rain ceased towards midnight, though the heavens remained shrouded. It was an evening typical of the frightful passions swelling in the breasts of thousands of the blacks, and about to burst forth in scenes of uproar, butchery, and beastly outrage without a parallel.

Shortly after midnight confused and dreadful rumors of a negro rising began to prevail at the Cape. The first intimation were the

conflagrations that suddenly started up over the *Plaine du Nord*, as observed from the *Vigie*, or signal port, on the summit of the *Morne du Cap*, the lofty eminence on the southwestern outskirts of the city.

It had been the day appointed for the Turners' coming. Till a late hour Henry Pascal had remained at the Hôtel de Ville, surmising that if a start had been made before the storm they might possibly arrive after its subsidence. Its continued violence, however, dispelled this view. His father having retired, he went down to the office, and as the storm gave tokens of passing off, concluded, before venturing out, to await further abatement. The hour was late; besides the drowsy clerk no one else was in, and, seating himself, he became buried in his own reflections. The non-arrival of the Turners strangely oppressed him, and his fancies took every possible drift. Madame Turner may have interposed objections, he thought, or the preparations may not have been completed; if the start had been made before the storm, where had they found shelter? Sup-

pose the delay should prove fatal; what if the negroes should rise to-night? It would be, he thought, a fit night for such work; and the idea took possession of him, and drew around him a spell, and the elements grew weird and evil-looking, until the flashings and distant thunder-rolls from the receding storm seemed in his brooding imagination the gleam of knives and the groans of the dying.

The rain had ceased, and rousing himself out of such reveries, Henry Pascal sought his lodgings in la rue St. Simon. He had slept perhaps a couple of hours when a gun from the arsenal awoke him. A second brought him to his feet in a tumult of apprehension, and, rushing to the window, he learned from a citizen hurrying by that the negroes on the Plain were murdering the whites and firing the plantations. To throw on his clothes and rush out was the work of an instant. Fugitives from the immediate estates, affrighted by the conflagrations, had arrived, alarm guns were booming, and the streets already in commotion.

Henry Pascal's first care was to rouse his

father, for he knew the Cape itself was in danger. Hastening along la rue St. Simon and passing into la rue St. Louis, he reached the Hôtel de Ville to find his father up and expecting him. They were aghast at the dreadful fate that most probably had overtaken the Tourners. A faint hope remained that the Colonel's slaves had proven faithful, and that he had escaped with his family to some neighboring town or settlement, as Dondon or Petite Ance, whence the fugitives might make for the Cape in sufficient numbers for defence before the negroes could concentrate.

Wrung with anguish, Henry Pascal hurried forth again to get tidings from the plain. By this time the city had become thoroughly aroused. Mistrustful of the large mulatto element among them, the whites generally remained at home under arms, in dread uncertainty awaiting day-break and the action of the authorities. Many with friends and kindred on the Plain were upon the streets in quest of news. Some were making for the Morne du Cap, the summit of which commanded an

extended view. With others Henry Pascal sought the thoroughfare by which fugitives would enter. Hastily traversing, therefore, la rue St. Louis, and turning north into a crossing street at the Place Royale, he entered the broad la rue Espagnole, along which he pressed past the *Cimetière*, past the base of the Western Morne, till he reached a point to scan the *Plaine du Nord*. Towards the south in every quarter the horizon was aglow. What scenes were occurring beneath the light of those flames! He stood spellbound, transfixed by a horrible fascination.

Commencing without a sign of warning on a plantation owned by the Count de Noé, in the parish of Acul, where fourteen negroes murdered the overseers and fired the buildings, the rising spread with the utmost rapidity and overwhelming force. Excepting Cape François and one or two other ports, the entire northern province was overrun and at the mercy of ferocious and lusty negro bands. Instances were not wanting of remarkable devotion to their masters, but the general conduct of the insur-

gents was unexampled for brutality and heart-rending outrage. Within four days two-thirds of the magnificent *Plaine du Nord* lay in ruins, and the wretched remnants of hundreds of white families, suddenly reduced from opulence to beggary, fled, terror-stricken and barely clothed, to the Cape.

What had been the fate of the Tourners?

The day after the "Crop Over" the Colonel rode down to the Cape, and finding that Henry Pascal had been prompt to make satisfactory arrangements, he decided upon bringing over his family the following morning. But on the eve of departure, even of a temporary character, one often finds unexpected things to do, and, in the absence of such sources of delay, the Tourners did not prove an exception. Preparations had not been completed when it became evident that a storm of unusual force was developing. The departure was, in consequence, postponed till the next day, and everything made ready against an early move, to avail themselves of the forenoon, which even in the rainy season is commonly open. These preparations had kept

them up late, and, after retiring, the outbursts of the elements allowed but a broken rest. The cooled air and quietude, however, that came with the close of the storm invited repose, and Colonel Tournier had fallen into sound sleep, when a piercing cry from his daughter smote his ear.

Her anxiety of mind, consequent upon the general condition of affairs, had been greatly deepened by Henry Pascal's visit and preparations for flight to the Cape, and this evening, after a day of bustle and fatigue, her brooding spirit had risen to a state of positive agitation at the unexpected delay and their having to pass another night in the midst of lurking and horrible dangers. The terrors of the storm lent their aid, and her imagination became so wrought upon that it was long before she could catch even fitful sleep. In one of her rousings her suspicious ear detected, as she thought, footfalls upon the lawn. She rose and looked out. The heavens were shrouded, but the moon was up and cast a dim light. She could see nothing, however, and supposed, as the negroes

kept late hours, it may have been some one passing through the grounds after the storm. Examining anew the lower sash of the windows, the fastenings of which she had taken the precaution to secure, she again sought her couch, when presently sounds on the piazza-roof startled her. Were they rain-drops shaken from the boughs, or the stealthy movements of an intruder? With her heart in her mouth she started up, and as she drew aside a curtain a negro burst upon the sash. She sprang back terror-stricken, and with the appalling cry that aroused her father. Bounding from the bed, he seized his sabre and a brace of heavy double-barrelled pistols, as his daughter wildly entered, exclaiming that negroes were breaking into her room.

“Be in reach of me with this, if you can, and, if I fall, use it upon yourself,” he said in a breath, thrusting a pistol into her hand (for it would be impossible, he knew, in the struggle upon him, to control the sabre and more than one pistol; nor could he, being in night-dress, secure the other about his person), and rushing

out, for he was a man of courage and a master of weapons, he met the foremost negro in the hall-way and ran him through, yet not without receiving a slash upon the upper left arm. Another negro, making at him with an axe, fell dead from a pistol-shot within the door-way of his daughter's room. At a third, who was entering the window, he fired, but in the dim light the ball went astray, and the negro, adroitly avoiding a sabre-thrust, sprang upon him with a yell. Colonel Tourner was a man of strength as well as courage, but the left arm was helpless from the stab in the muscles, and the negro, who was a powerful fellow, had borne him to his knees, and was wrenching the sabre from him, when he cried out, "Shoot, Émilie!"

She had kept behind her father, almost expiring with terror, yet resolute to help him, if she could. She could tell in the dimness he was wounded, for his left side was all bloody, and when the hand-to-hand struggle began, she saw his disadvantage with an awful, despairing, sinking dread. But as her father went down a tremendous spring of energy

suddenly steeled her, and at his outcry, quick as thought, she levelled the weapon and fired at close quarters, the negro pitching over, fatally struck.

Meanwhile, two of the insurgents had broken into the Colonel's chamber and were now struggling with the house-servants, who, having rushed up-stairs at the uproar, came to their master's aid. Seizing the pistol from his daughter, the Colonel despatched one of these with the remaining barrel, when the other negro was overpowered.

Madame Tourner, at the outburst of terror, had remained a moment in an agony of prayer. She was one of those ordinarily nervous women, whose steadiness comes to the surface in extremities. Descending by a private stairway, with outcries to the house-servants, she ran for the alarm-bell. The ringing and firings at once aroused the plantation. The manager rushed forth with arms, the slaves flocked from the quarters, and falling upon the rest of the band in greatly superior numbers, speedily put them to flight.

With a sense of infinite relief Colonel Tournier saw from the window that his slaves were proving faithful, cheered his wife and daughter as they stanching and bound his wound, and hastened out. But the insurgents had fled, leaving several of their number, slain in the *mélée*. Calling his slaves about him, he thanked them again and again for their devotion, and asked if they would protect him to Petite Ance, where the neighboring whites, he knew, would concentrate for safety. They answered with a will; and directing M. Fauchet to have a conveyance in immediate readiness, he turned in for the preparations. Not an instant was to be lost, for the insurrection would gather every moment in numbers and ferocity. All blood-stained and among frightful corpses, Madame Tournier and her daughter threw on their garments and entered the double gig with the Colonel and M. Fauchet. The accompanying negroes, armed with plantation implements and whatever else they could lay hands on, were fleet of foot and kept up with the horses. A third of the distance had been made when, looking back, they


saw Belle Vue in flames, fired either by another band or a disaffected remnant of the plantation negroes. At the end of the next mile the negro guard returned, Petite Ance being in view; and, a few moments after, Colonel Tourner and his family, thanking God for their lives, pressed into the distracted village.

Fugitives from massacred homes were flying in at intervals, their agonies finding vent on realizing their personal safety, and increasing every instant the consternation. The terrified people thronged the street, uncertain what course to pursue. Some were for making a stand at the village. Others thought that if the rising was general the negroes would soon unite in overpowering force, and that they could make a body sufficiently numerous to resist the individual bands in which the insurgents were for the moment acting, and reach the Cape. Colonel Tourner's arrival strengthened the latter view, and a considerable party at once set out for Cape François. Progress was as rapid as circumstances would allow, for almost all were afoot, the greater part in naked

feet, and among them many tender women, accustomed to every surrounding and refinement of wealth. Negro bands were met, but the party was too strong to be taken, and towards day-break reached the Cape. Henry Pascal had remained at his post, eagerly searching and inquiring among the fugitives. In this group he found his friends, and, transported with joy, accompanied them to the Hôtel de Ville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE.

HE morning of the 23d broke dismally over Cape François. The first action of the authorities, as the formidable character of the insurrection became more and more apparent, was to lay an embargo on the vessels in the harbor and send aboard the women and children. Of the British vessels in port, one was despatched to Jamaica for aid, and this step, following the loud talk that had been prevalent at Cape François of a British protectorate, gave rise to a widespread rumor among the insurgents that the English were coming to possess themselves of the island.

The General Assembly was now in session at the Cape. Imitating the example of the National Legislature, it had taken affairs en-

tirely into its own hands, the royalist governor-general, M. Blanchelande, giving a mere formal assent to proceedings he could neither arrest nor amend. The sudden presence of a great and common danger healed the breach. The General Assembly at once placed in the governor's hands the National Guard; as many sailors and marines as could be spared from the ships were sent ashore; all able-bodied men were enrolled into the militia, and a force of five or six thousand straightway organized for the city's defence. A strong mulatto contingent formed a part of this force. For, moved by the extreme gravity of affairs, the General Assembly not only took measures to protect the mulattoes from the threats of the *petits blancs*, but by formal action ratified the 15th of May decree. The mulattoes were, in consequence, entirely won, and with all the zeal that the powerful interests of property inspire (the well-to-do among them being universally slave owners), they proffered to march with the whites against the insurgents, leaving their wives and children as hostages. A part of the

troops was employed in fortifying and guarding the city. An assault by land was possible only at two points—the strip between the bay and the Western Morne, and a narrow exit to the northwest between the Western Morne and its northern companion. The guns of the British frigate *Sappho* commanded the seaward strip, and the attention of the authorities was concentrated upon making good the northwestern passage. The larger and more efficient portion of the troops was designed for offensive operations against the insurgents.

In the midst of all these preparations M. Tardiffe managed to elude military service. A soft, sensual, luxurious mode of life—the truffles and capons of Gonaives would alone satisfy him—rendered him averse to war, even had he naturally possessed a more martial spirit. He was, too, secretly with the blacks, and believed they would ultimately triumph, if not through their vast numerical superiority, at least by the aid of the rising Jacobin party in France. Besides, he had no interests in San Domingo beyond his passion for Émilie Tour-

ner; and in behalf of this passion he was eager for freedom to turn to account the auspicious opportunities events were placing before him. Availing himself, therefore, of the recognized influence with the blacks which his extreme and well-known Jacobin opinions had procured for him, he successfully represented to M. Blanchelande, while professing hearty sympathy with the whites in the present crisis, that, as an occasion for mediation might arise, it would be better that he should remain neutral.

Early next morning he made a flying visit to Madame Tourner and her daughter on the man-of-war *Sappho*, where they had quarters. Prior to going he had brought forth from its drawer in the escritoire his bank-book, between the leaves of which were a number of £100 notes recently received from London, and these he took out and held for some moments in a meditative way. He was evidently weighing something, and presently reached a conclusion—a conclusion quite satisfactory, judging from the ripple of complacency that passed over his features, and one apparently involving the use

of a part of this money; for, drawing out a note, he very carefully folded it, and securing the same in a neat little package, transferred it to his vest-pocket. Before replacing the book, he turned with triumphant eyes to his bank-account. There stood the £50,000 record of deposit, made four years back! There, too, stood the interest—interest that had been freely used, but still showing a substantial balance. There it was; all down in black and white, and no mistake.

“Sagacious me, happy me,” ran his thoughts, “who have this in solid British gold in place of howling, cut-throat blacks and wasted plantations! Émilie Tourner captured, and then for England! For where one’s treasure is, there one’s home should be also, and there shall the nest be made for this shy little bird. The maiden disdains me, but I shall possess her with the greater joy. And you, my potent yellow boys”—as with an exulting *ha! ha!* he patted the bank-book—“aid thy master’s cause.”

He was cordially received by Madame Tourner, still dazed by the shock she had sustained,

and who, in an hour so dreadful, thinking less of personal loss than of the common peril, was most eager for authentic news. Notwithstanding the excited throng aboard they succeeded in finding a place apart for conversation; and as they became seated he said, in the bland and turgid style peculiar to him:

“Most heartily, Madame Tournier, do I felicitate you again”—for his greeting had been given with an expression of joy at seeing her alive—“upon your marvellous deliverance. All manner of *on dits* are current in regard to it.”

“I am indeed thankful, monsieur.”

“Where is mademoiselle, and how is she?” he asked.

“Poor Émilie! she is prostrated, and unable to see any one.”

“Is it true,” he queried, “that she slew one of her father’s assailants? Her magnificent conduct is the town’s talk.”

“She has skill with the weapon, having often practised with her father, and fired to save him. The ebb of the terrible strain has left her well-nigh undone. But oh! monsieur,” she added,

averting her head, and with a movement of the hand as if pushing away something dreadful, "spare me from recalling the horrors of that night! Let us speak of the present. What news have you of Colonel Tournier? I have neither seen nor heard from him for the past twelve hours."

"Your husband, madame, is now a veritable colonel, commanding a citizen regiment, and fortifying the Northwestern pass beyond the Champ de Mars."

"What is Monsieur Pascal doing?"

"You refer, I presume, to the younger Pascal?"

"Yes. He sent Émilie a hurried note yesterday afternoon, telling her he expected to be in battle on the 25th—to-morrow—yet saying nothing of his special duties."

"Monsieur Pascal has been assigned to an artillery company, and is drilling at the arsenal."

"Tell me, monsieur, how go affairs in the city, and what is thought of the situation?"

"The Cape is a bee-hive, void of drones,"

he replied; "every soul pressed into service and laboring most sedulously. Even Monsieur Charles Pascal refuses to be excused, and is in the ranks of the citizen soldiery."

"How happens it, then, monsieur, that we have you here?"

"Have I not sufficient interest in you and yours, madame, to importune for an hour's leave of absence?"

"Your kindness is most considerate," she answered.

"My dear madame," he said, expanding somewhat his usual smile, "the leave of absence is a jest. Notwithstanding, my interest in your behalf is none the less sincere. The truth is, a conference with M. Blanchelande has resulted in my being held in reserve for special prospective duties, in the discharge of which I may be far more serviceable than I could possibly be on the field or in the trench."

A moment's pause ensued, when he answered the inquiry he saw upon the lips of his hostess:

"It is known, as you are no doubt aware,

that I possess influence with the blacks, and I am reserved as a possible peace-maker."

"Are hopes of peace entertained?" she asked eagerly, "and do you think, monsieur, we shall regain our possessions?"

The latter interrogatory turned the conversation in the precise direction desired by M. Tardiffe, who replied:

"I might answer more definitely after to-morrow's battle. The blacks are concentrating near Petite Ance under the notorious Dessalines, and a number of battalions march from the Cape to-morrow morning to attack them."

"Would our prevailing, do you think, monsieur, crush the rebellion?"

With a shrug of the shoulders, and lifting his brows, he slowly answered:

"Pos-si-bly."

"*Possibly*! do you say, monsieur— '*Possibly*,' under these circumstances?" she asked, as the distress upon her countenance visibly deepened. "Mon Dieu! then you despair."

"The sentiment of France, madame, favors the blacks. The planters may recover their

estates, but their slaves, in my judgment, *never !*”

“What are estates without cultivators?” she asked, with an absent air and a tone of bitterness.

“The estates, madame, if regained would be but naked soil. Fire, I hear, has devoured the plain. The blacks have destroyed everything, and rendezvous in the mountains. I trust your own sterling slaves have saved Belle Vue.”

“No, monsieur; alas! no. The flames burst forth when we were a mile away. We have lost *everything*,” tears filling her eyes, “and have sunk at once to utter poverty.”

“Hundreds of others, madame, are in similar circumstances,” said her visitor in a voice of apparent sympathy.

“So much the worse, monsieur. ’Tis impossible for me to realize our situation. I know the dreadful truth must come—*crushingly* come; but I am utterly confounded, and as yet it makes little impression upon me that, except the clothes we wear and a casket of jewelry I

caught up in leaving, we are absolutely penniless. My woes, Monsieur Tardiffe, are like those sudden and fatal wrenchings of the body which deprive the victim of the power to feel."

"It gratifies me to know," said M. Tardiffe, as if endeavoring delicately to divert from herself her painful thoughts, yet adroitly pursuing his object, "that the circumstances of our Pascal friends are not so deplorable as I had supposed."

She turned upon the speaker a look of interested inquiry, and he continued :

"You remember my mentioning, the evening of the 'Crop Over,' a bit of Cape gossip, that the Pascal estates were to pass under the auctioneer's hammer?"

She nodded assent.

"Well, the gossip was an error," he went on to say, "and arose out of Monsieur Pascal's half-formed purpose to dispose of his profitless possessions."

"In what respect, monsieur, is he better off?"

"I apprehend, madame, that simply to lose

all is preferable to losing all and being, moreover, encumbered with debt."

"I suppose so," she answered, in a dejected and negative sort of way.

"Last evening Monsieur Pascal was telling me he had naught remaining save his son's right arm, and he bitterly regretted not having realized, as he had had thoughts of doing, upon his plantations."

"Alas! monsieur, how many are stung with the same regret!"

"At the beginning of revolutionary activity," remarked Monsieur Tardiffe, "I anticipated the probability of these issues and disposed of my possessions here; and I would have bidden adieu to San Domingo," he added, dropping his voice to the pitch of emphasis, "had not my love for your daughter restrained me—a love, alas! that has proven hopeless."

At a loss for reply to the latter sentiment, Madame Tourner asked abruptly:

"What, monsieur, are your present purposes?"

"To take flight the instant I can arrange my

affairs. San Domingo is no longer a domicile for whites, even for those possessing affluence."

"And whither do you go?" she asked again.

"To old England."

"Your investments are there," she remarked.

"Yes, madame; investments in lieu of what otherwise would have been insurgent slaves and estates in ashes."

"Oh! that my husband, monsieur, had shown the same forecast! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed in tones of keen distress, as the thoughts her visitor had been thrusting upon her took effect, "what will become of us? Where we shall go, what we shall do, God only knows!"

Deeming the wound sufficiently irritated for the emollient, M. Tardiffe said, in his kindest manner:

"Be reassured, dear madame, be reassured; you have a stay in adversity, even able and willing friends. At this juncture to realize on your *bijouterie* would be impossible, and I crave acceptance of this," handing her the little package from his vest-pocket. "One word

more, madame, *if you please*," as he saw himself threatened with interruption. "If you can't receive it absolutely, reimburse at your convenience. I concede the amplest limit; and remember," laying stress to his words, *whatever I possess is freely at your service.*"

She was still on the point of replying, when he again interposed :

"Pray, don't speak of it, madame, don't speak of it, I must insist. The obligation is upon myself for the opportunity. I must now to the city," he said, rising and extending his hand. "Remember, dear madame, you are to feel *perfectly secure* as regards finance. What are we for but to assist each other? And please commend me to mademoiselle."

On opening the package immediately after the departure of her guest, Madame Tournier was surprised at the amount, and doubted much whether, without the concurrence of her husband, she should have taken it. It annoyed her, likewise, that while their pecuniary condition was most deplorable, she had gone beyond the strict reality in stating it, since Colonel

Tourner had saved his cash in hand, and “absolutely penniless” was not the actual status. There was, too, a pang from wounded pride in receiving this aid. The result of M. Tardiffe’s visit, however, was a decided balance of comfort, and for his considerate and ample generosity her thoughts went out towards him in a very grateful way.

Thursday morning, the 25th, a force some three thousand strong, commanded by M. de Touzard, a distinguished French officer, left the Cape in high feather to assault the insurgent camp. The march was from the arsenal along the quay, and as the troops passed the *Sappho* at the southern extremity of the city, they received a salvo from the man-of-war. Émilie Tourner was on deck in the throng, but seemed oblivious to the roar and huzzas. In apparent expectancy her eyes were bent upon the troops filing by. Suddenly her countenance brightened as she caught the flutter of a handkerchief from one of the batteries, and a wave from her own answered the salute.

The San Domingo blacks were a remarkably

energetic race of negroes, and, in numbers and efficiency greatly underrated by the whites, had now concentrated near Petite Ance. Their leader was Paul Dessalines, twin brother to the famous chief, Jean Jacques Dessalines, who, some years later, aided by yellow fever, drove out the veterans of Napoleon, avenging the perfidious seizure of Toussaint l'Ouverture, and winning black independence. The equal of Jean in ability, he would have equalled him in renown had not his cruelties early in the struggle made him the victim of a conspiracy. The brothers, physically and morally, bore to each other the most striking resemblance. Paul Dessalines was the black slave of a mulatto carpenter of the same name, from whose cruelties he had fled to the mountains, where he raised the standard of revolt. The course of affairs in France and the struggle of the mulattoes for civil rights engendered among the blacks a wild spirit of liberty, which a general laxity of rule throughout the colony greatly favored. Under these circumstances, Dessalines gained many recruits, and soon

became the recognized head of a formidable band, and was the chief fomentor of the insurrection. His men were disciplined with inexorable severity and drilled in the most careful manner, arms being readily obtained from the neighboring Spaniards, whose troops were distributed along the line of demarcation, and between whom and the French there existed an inveterate jealousy. They were indifferent shots, but the dreadful bayonet, attached to muskets of unusual length, proved in their powerful hands well-nigh resistless. Dessalines himself was entirely illiterate, unable either to read or write, yet possessed a shrewd intelligence, and delighted in the display of a low cunning. His profound knowledge of negro character, joined to great bodily strength and undaunted courage, enabled him to acquire over his followers unbounded influence. His military talents stood in daring movement and astonishing celerity. In his morals he was execrable, a lustful, bloodthirsty monster, whose savage character was deepened by daily potations of rum. His subordinates trembled before

him, and never felt their heads safe upon their shoulders until out of his presence. Withal, a preposterous vanity possessed him. He surrounded himself with mimic royalty, gave his officers grand titles, dressed in flashy uniform, and (it is said) even carried about with him a dancing-master, whose instructions, as McKenzie has humorously observed, very much resembled an attempt to teach a tiger civilization. He made occasional forays upon the plain, retiring with the booty beyond the Spanish line, and his name was a terror throughout all the Northern province.

A league west from Petite Ance, or, rather, from its site, for Dessalines had just destroyed the village in fire and blood, lay a valley, skirted on three sides by dense woods, a sylvan *cul de sac*. At the head of this valley Dessalines had encamped with a force six or seven thousand strong, a force constantly increasing, almost wholly unorganized, many without arms save an axe or a club, yet fresh from massacres, raging with ferocious passion as famished tigers that had tasted blood, and conscious of the fate

awaiting failure. Every step of progress on the part of the French from the time of leaving the Cape his runners made known to the black chief. He awaited an attack, instead of being, as he usually was, the attacking party, because his camp was a centre for concentration, and every possible moment was needed to put in some sort of array the raw and swelling throng. His trained musketeers, divided into squads, he distributed through the mass to serve as centres of discipline and steadiness. Fearing the effect of the artillery, in order to counteract it, as well as to force, as far as possible, hand-to-hand fighting, and give the superb physique of the blacks its opportunity, Dessalines encouraged a notion prevailing among them, that could they once touch the cannon and mutter over them certain magical words the guns would be hurtless.

M. de Touzard rested his troops through the mid-day, and sighting the insurgents late in the afternoon, immediately advanced upon them with his batteries in the centre. The first discharge from the cannon was a signal

for the onset of the blacks, who rushed with wild cries to the muzzles of the guns. Several of these were served by experienced artillerists from the ships-of-war in port, and did fearful execution. The blacks, moreover, were exposed to a cross fire from the wings, and before the deadly volleys fled into the forest. The French began to think the battle ended, when the enemy again charged pell-mell from the woods. These charges were repeated with a promptness and impetuosity astonishing to De Touzard; and though the blacks in some instances reached the enemy's line and got in bloody work, yet they were invariably driven back by the fatal French fire, and as nightfall approached, Dessalines resolved upon a change in the disposition of his men. Concentrating, therefore, his musketeers, he placed himself at their head, and, followed by his entire force, threw himself resistlessly upon the batteries. The artillerists were overwhelmed, and clubbed or bayoneted almost to a man; the French centre was completely broken, and De Touzard was in despair, when, to his utter amazement,

the main body of these brave but untutored warriors, having put the *spell* upon the cannon and being unconscious of their advantage, betook themselves with a number of prisoners to the woods. The French rallied, and drove back the remainder of the enemy.

It was now dark, and firing ceased. De Touzard, confounded at the numbers and desperate courage of the blacks, and finding they were receiving constant accessions, deemed it prudent to retreat. With the camp-fires burning, he quietly withdrew, leaving his dead and cannon behind, and reached the Cape after midnight. The French loss was small compared with that of the insurgents, who exposed themselves in the most reckless way.

Among the captives was Henry Pascal. He had been struck down senseless, and was about receiving a bayonet stab when a powerful black rushed up, and, thrusting aside the weapon, exclaimed: "He's my prisoner!" His rescuer, whoever he was, became lost to him in the darkness and tumultuous retreat to the woods.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTERCEDING.



WHEN Dessalines discovered the retreat of the French it was too late to pursue; but he despatched several fleet mulatto runners, who, mingling with the mulatto troops in the French army, entered the Cape in the confusion, and during the night scattered on the streets copies of his proclamation. As shown below, it was a bombastic and sanguinary production, thoroughly characteristic of the man, and written, at his dictation, by his secretary, Chantalle, an educated mulatto; for Dessalines' learning did not go beyond the ability mechanically to scrawl his name.

“LIBERTY OR DEATH!

“Blacks! the God of justice has brought the

axe to bear upon the decrepit tree of slavery and prejudice, and raised my arm to strike off your fetters. The irritated Genius of San Domingo appears—his aspect is menacing—his hand is powerful. Like an overflowing and mighty torrent, that bears down all opposition, let your vengeful fury sweep away your oppressors. Tyrants! usurpers! tremble. Our daggers are sharpened, your punishment ready! Ten thousand men, obedient to my orders, burn to offer a new sacrifice to Liberty. Awakened from your lethargy, with arms in your hands, join your brothers, and claim your sacred and indelible rights. Where is the black so vile, so unworthy of regeneration, as to pause? If there be one, let him fly; indignant nature discards him from our bosom. Let him hide his infamy far from hence. The air we breathe is not suited to his gross organs; it is the air of liberty, pure, august, and triumphant.

“Yellows! whom the infernal politics of Europeans for a long time endeavored to divide from us, rally to our standard. Similar calamities, hanging over your proscribed heads,

should make us indivisible and inseparable. It is the pledge of your happiness, your salvation, and your success. It is the secret of being invincible. Independence or death! Let these sacred words be the signal of battle and of union.

“They tell us that the English from Jamaica are coming to assist the French, and refasten upon our limbs the galling fetters of slavery. Let these English be accursed. Every man from Jamaica falling into our hands shall be put to death.

“Headquarters near the Cape, August 24, 1791.

“(Signed) GENERAL DESSALINES.”

Tidings of the repulse spread like wild-fire, and the morning of the 26th found the Cape in an agony of despair. The inhabitants were horror-stricken and in the most dreadful state of uncertainty as to what course to pursue. It was believed that Dessalines was marching on the city. His force was vastly exaggerated, and many thought it better at once to make

terms, even with such a monster, than to provoke his rage by fruitless resistance. Such at the moment was the fear and irresolution that, had the black chief appeared before the Cape, it must undoubtedly have fallen. Happily for it, he was then planning an assault upon Dondon and Grand Rivière, and the inhabitants of the Cape, recovering from their panic, soon rendered its naturally strong defences impregnable.

The news of Henry Pascal's capture at once became known throughout the city, where his frank, open manners, and generous qualities had made him a universal favorite. In view of Dessalines' proclamation, there was but one opinion as to his fate; for he was partly English or American born, had an English air, and spoke the language as a native. Withal, he had recently arrived from Jamaica, and, in ignorance of the proclamation, would not be on his guard. Beyond this consideration, it was thought the savage Dessalines would not fail to wreak vengeance on the prisoners for the horrible tortures with which certain captured blacks

had been just put to death at the Cape. Early on the morning of the 26th Colonel Tournier, who could not leave his duties, by one of his men despatched a note to his wife with a copy of the proclamation, acquainting her with the situation, and deeply commiserating the capture of M. Pascal. He detailed the grounds for the opinion universally entertained in regard to his fate, and added that, as his daughter would scarcely avoid hearing the report, it would be better she should break the news to her without delay, and as considerately as possible.

Confused rumors of the disaster had reached the *Sappho*. Wild fears prevailed among the refugees aboard. The desire for authentic intelligence was intense. Madame Tournier, therefore, received her husband's letter with the utmost eagerness, and immediately repaired to her apartment to read it, accompanied by her daughter. The latter was intently listening, when suddenly her mother's voice ceased.

"What is it?" she anxiously cried, advancing to look over the letter.

"In a moment, Émilie; there is something

here for *me*," answered Madame Tournier, as her eyes rapidly ran over the lines.

An explanation was unavoidable, and making a hurried finish, she said before her daughter could speak, and with as much composure as she could assume :

"Your father, Émilie, mentions unpleasant news as to one of our friends."

"What friend? Is it Monsieur Pascal?" she exclaimed almost in the same breath; for she knew he had been exposed to danger, and it flashed into her mind there could be no other friend whose misfortune would be likely to be withheld from her.

"Yes, Émilie; but—"

"Has he been killed?" she broke in with a quivering lip.

"No."

"Wounded?"

"No."

"What, then, has befallen him?"

"He is a captive."

"A captive in the hands of Dessalines!" she cried out, with a countenance turning deadly

pale, as the negro horrors she had lately experienced, and all the stories she had heard of the black chief, conjured up the most harrowing fate. “O Maman! Maman! it would have been better had he fallen in battle!” And she sank into her seat and sobbed aloud in her anguish. Madame Tournier rose, and tenderly kissing her daughter, put her arms about her.

“He yet lives, Émilie, and while there is life there is hope.”

“What does my father say?” she asked, looking up.

Her mother remained silent.

“Let me see his letter.”

Thérèse was a momentary reluctance to yield it, when she wildly cried:

“Oh! I *must* see it, I must know all!” And receiving the letter, she read it and the enclosed proclamation with intense expression, her manner the while undergoing an evident change; for, having finished, she said with a firm voice and resolute air:

“There is but one possible means to save him, and I must put it into immediate execution.”

Madame Tourner directed towards her daughter a quick glance of interrogation, and she replied :

“ I will crave the intercession of Monsieur Tardiffe ; he has great influence with the blacks,” rising, as she spoke, to make preparations for leaving.

“ My child ! my child ! ” exclaimed Madame Tourner, alarmed for her daughter’s mind under these terrible and repeated strainings, “ are you beside yourself ? Will you go to the city, and unprotected, too, when Dessalines is hourly expected, and they are preparing the *Sappho* for action ? ”

“ I have no fears,” she replied with a calmness strange to her mother ; for her being, though powerfully roused, had become harmonious and steady, as all the faculties settled around a definite, firm, and hopeful resolve. “ My father’s messenger will be my companion.”

“ But, Émilie, my child, consider, I beseech you. What grounds have you for reckoning upon success with Monsieur Tardiffe ? He has noble, generous qualities, and such an

appeal may not exceed their limit; but it would, under all the circumstances be straining them very far.”

“I know,” she answered, with the same strange and sudden calmness, more alarming to her mother than the outgush of grief had been, “that I have declined his addresses to receive those of the man for whose life I am to entreat his intercession; but these very circumstances are the nobleness of the opportunity. If there be in Monsieur Tardiffe anything great and generous, he will hear me; and I *feel* I shall succeed,” she added, glowing with noble thought, and judging him from the standpoint of her own lofty nature.

Madame Tourner knew the resolute character of her daughter. She was fearful, too, of the effect of useless opposition upon an already overstrained mind; and conscious, withal, that any hope for Henry Pascal lay in the direction of the proposed step, ceased to remonstrate. In a few moments Émilie Tourner had made herself ready, and stood in the presence of the *Sappho's* commander, Captain Winslow, to ask

a permit for an hour ashore. Astounded at the request, the first impulse of the captain was a downright, peremptory refusal. But youth and beauty, pleading for a noble object, make a powerful advocate. Captain Winslow listened, and, as Dessalines had not been reported near, at length yielded to his lovely suppliant on a life and death mission; exacting, however, her immediate return aboard upon the signal of the enemy's approach, a gun from the *Sappho*; and within an hour after the arrival of her father's messenger she had landed on the quay, with her companion, from the jolly-boat of the ship.

They at once crossed to la rue St. Nicholas, Émilie Tourner being closely veiled and directing her companion; for the Cape was familiar to her, and she knew the location of M. Tardiffe's home. A few blocks off, they turned north into la rue Dauphine, up which their course lay. Comparatively few persons were met, the citizens being all under arms at the assailable points. Here and there groups of mulatto women were observed gossiping in

low tones, and the city wore a hushed and oppressive air. At the corner of la rue des Trois Chandeliers they passed "Aunt Sabina," in those days a well-known and eccentric Cape character, who for many years had been vending from this corner her famous ginger-bread and sugar-candy. The terrors of the hour were apparently lost upon the aged negress, who occupied her customary stool, with a tray of merchandise before her. A twenty minutes' walk brought them to the Place d'Armes, the most beautiful square in Cape François, and fronting which on the north side stood the mansion of M. Tardiffe. The fountain was playing, and the park, under the influence of the early rains, in splendid leaf and flower, but, absorbed in her thoughts, Émilie Tourner was oblivious to external objects. Of the church alone, just south from the park, did she appear conscious, and, in passing it, devoutly crossed herself in supplication upon her mission. Here she dismissed her attendant, with a message to her father to see her as soon as possible. A stroke from the knocker brought

the valet, and she was ushered into M. Tardiffe's luxurious drawing-room.

When he presently appeared he was so utterly confounded at meeting Émilie Tourner, and at such a crisis, and with a countenance so stricken by the terrors and griefs she had experienced, that for a moment he could not speak. Recovering himself, he quickly advanced, extending his hand, and, catching from the intense soul before him a spirit of reality, broke through the mask of blandishment he commonly wore, and exclaimed with genuine feeling :

“Mademoiselle ! Is it possible ? In God's name, what has happened ?”

In low, intense tones, without a blush or hesitation, for self-consciousness was sunk in an overpowering fear for her lover, she answered :

“Monsieur Pascal is a prisoner, and I am here to ask you, as the only hope for his life, to intercede with Dessalines ; a word from you, monsieur, can save him.”

M. Tardiffe was again completely thunder-struck, and for an instant could not reply. When he did, it was to repeat the words :

“To intercede with Dessalines! Mademoiselle, do you know anything of this man?”

“I have heard of him,” she replied, “as a bloody-minded, merciless marauder, and he swears death to every comer from Jamaica.”

“Yes, mademoiselle; and if he has heard of the horrible and indiscriminate torturing of blacks here, his fury is boiling to revenge it.”

“It needs not, monsieur, to deepen the character of Dessalines. I know enough to feel persuaded that you alone may save Monsieur Pascal, even if it be not already too late to make the effort.”

“It was not my design, mademoiselle, believe me,” replied M. Tardiffe, falling into his usual turgid manner of speech, “to assure you of the fate of these unhappy captives, but to indicate the danger, even to an intercessor, with Dessalines in his present mood.”

“But you have great influence with the blacks,” she answered.

“I have influence in that direction, they say, mademoiselle; though quite probably it is overestimated.”

“And I have ventured here, monsieur, to beg of you to use it in mercy,” spoke the same low, intense voice.

“Mademoiselle,” he replied, still bewildered at the request, yet beginning to see in it possible advantages for himself, and delaying an answer until he could better take in the bearings, “I have never met Dessalines.”

“But Dessalines, monsieur, certainly knows of you, and he will hear your word. *Let me entreat this favor,*” she added with fervid emphasis, and lifting her hands in supplication; “*beyond it there is no hope.*”

It was observed just now that a lovely woman, in distress, and pleading for a noble end, wields a magic eloquence; and Émilie Tourner’s profound grief and appealing look and voice drew sympathy even from a nature as cold and as selfish as that of M. Tardiffe. He could not find it in his heart to prolong or dally with the mental agony visible behind her comparatively calm exterior, and which gave her an almost preternatural aspect; and therefore replied :

“Mademoiselle, I am at your service, freely. Whatever can be done shall be done. But I must have time to consider. What you ask involves difficulty and danger. The whereabouts of Dessalines is not now known. Many think he is advancing upon the Cape. Some definite intelligence will doubtless be received this afternoon, and I shall be able, most probably, to give an answer by four o’clock. Under no circumstances could action be taken before to-morrow morn.”

Warmly and fittingly Émilie Tournier expressed her thanks, and, rising, said :

“I must now return. I had but an hour’s leave of absence, and the time is almost expired,” glancing, as she spoke, at an antique French clock, the face of which was ingeniously contrived to form portions of a picture upon the wall.

“But, mademoiselle, you must not return afoot and in the heat. I will have a gig instantan,” said M. Tardiffe, as he left the room ; and ordering a servant immediately to place refreshments before his guest, he went

for the vehicle himself, dwelling the while upon this startling request to intercede with Dessalines. Returning with the livery, he rapidly drove his visitor to the *Calle* opposite the *Sappho*. The ship's boat was hailed, and Émilie Tourner went aboard a few moments behind time.

Madame Tourner's note and the accounts given by the messenger greatly alarmed the Colonel, and the jolly-boat had been scarcely made fast when he hailed its return to the *Calle*.

"Tidings have just come," he said, as he embraced his wife and daughter, overjoyed at seeing him, "that Dessalines is yet in camp, and planning a move upon Dondon, and I have a bit of time off. I am here mainly on your account, Emmie," turning to his daughter, and using the name by which he commonly addressed her. "I reached Monsieur Tardiffe's just after you had left. Your trip to town was *reckless*, RECKLESS, my child, and it amazes me that Captain Winslow should have allowed it."

"Well, it is all over," she answered, with a faint smile, "and you see me safe and sound."

"I don't see," he replied, "that you *are* altogether safe and sound; your face is flushed, and your eyes look congested," scrutinizing her as he spoke. "My daughter," he added in quickened tones, as he took her hand and pressed it, "have you fever?"

"Oh! no," was her answer, with an evident effort to brighten up. "Don't you think I have passed through enough to account for some excitement and headache?"

"I dread, Emmie, these keen mental strainings. They are fraught with danger; and it grieves me you should have heightened them this morning by what will prove, I fear, a barren effort."

"There is hope for success, my father," she eagerly rejoined. "As far, at least, as regards Monsieur Tardiffe's willingness."

"Emmie, Emmie, don't set your heart upon this hope. It needs a great height of generosity, such as I must believe is beyond Monsieur Tardiffe's reach."

This remark drew a response from Madame Tourner. The character of M. Tardiffe, as

suitor to their daughter, had often come up for discussion between herself and her husband, and she as often had defended it from what she considered unjust disparagements. His recent generous conduct would not permit her to be silent now.

“Monsieur Tardiffe,” she said, “has taken all the action which, up to this time, is possible; he has declared his willingness to do what he can, and so far, at least, I think he deserves credit.”

“Professions are cheap things, Marie,” dryly observed the Colonel.

“He was our first visitor since our arrival on board,” went on Madame Tournier, worried at the unfair reflections upon her friend. “He came here early yesterday morning to inquire after us, and offered, too, to place his means at our service.”

“Professions again, my dear, and in this quarter I have never doubted Monsieur Tardiffe’s ability.”

Madame Tournier had determined for the present, at least, to withhold from the knowledge of her husband M. Tardiffe’s benefaction;

but the opportunity to maintain her view and clear the character of her friend was an irresistible temptation, and she replied with an air of triumph, as she drew forth the bill :

“ Does not this £100 note Monsieur Tardiffe left with me prove him a man of *deeds* ? ”

The Colonel's face darkened in silence. Never before had money been received under such circumstances. Madame Tourner saw his chagrin, and hastened to exclaim :

“ Forgive me, my husband ! Monsieur Tardiffe's delicacy presented it not as a gift, but to be paid back whenever we choose. I was in doubt whether I should receive it, and knew not the amount until after his departure. But, whatever our own views about taking it, its bestowal, I think, shows him to be something more than a bundle of mere professions.”

“ Marie,” the Colonel gravely said, pursuing the train of thought awakened by this incident, “ we are not yet outright beggars.”

“ My husband, what have we left, save a remnant of cash and a few pieces of jewelry ? ”

“Getting back our own, Marie, is not impossible.”

“Oh! that I could see the faintest ray of hope,” she exclaimed. “Shall we get back our slaves, with the negroes in open rebellion, and the current of national legislation setting in strongly towards emancipation?”

“But, Marie, the horrible deeds of the villains must change the current.”

“And do you suppose, my husband, the negroes would yield then, outnumbering us as they do, and flushed as they are by their successes?”

“And do you suppose,” rejoined the Colonel with emphasis, “we shall not be able—aided, as we hope to be, from Jamaica—to bring an effective force against them?”

“Oh! Colonel Tourner, I can’t imagine a darker prospect. Even were our slaves regained, how could we get on our feet again, with fields stripped and every house in ashes?”

“Affairs are dark, dark, Marie, I own; yet light has broken over darker outlooks. As for this money, I grant the generosity of the act;

but my wish is that you hand it back, and that you say to Monsieur Tardiffe we have enough for present wants. When a loan is needed, there are other friends I would prefer seeking."

"My dear husband," his wife replied, still pressing into view her despairing thoughts, "where can you find that other friend who is not also beggared? And should one be found, what security have you to offer for a loan? Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! what is to become of us?"

"Come, come, Marie! Our talk is distressing Emmie, whose looks, by the way, give me concern. I've been absorbed in public duties, with little time for thought upon personal matters, yet I am not and shall not be hopeless. Great mercies have been granted us in the sparing of our lives, and, whatever the darkness, in the path of right I shall look for light."

"Emmie, my dear child," he continued, turning to her, and speaking in a voice of subdued tenderness, "calm yourself, and yield to whatever God may will. You are a brave

girl and a good Christian, and an hour like this is a trial by fire. The panic is waning, and the Cape can be made sure against all the force Dessalines may bring. In any hap, you and your mother are thoroughly safe here."

"Do you think there is hope for M. Pascal?" she asked in an intense way, indicative of her burning thoughts.

"Have you read my note to your mother, Emmie?"

"Yes," she said, "but I thought your opinions may have undergone some change for the better."

"I have nothing to add, my child, and let us not dwell upon this."

"Do you think, please let me ask, that M. Tardiffe's intercession would be successful?"

"I have warned you," he replied, "not to set heart upon his trying it."

"But, my father, *should* he attempt it, what think you would be the issue?"

"Well, Emmie, I can say thus much: M. Tardiffe has undoubted weight with the blacks, and should he have the daring and greatness

of soul to meet Dessalines and press the cause, I believe there would be good ground for hope. But I must have a word with the captain before leaving."

And so saying, he sought Captain Winslow, an interview with whom in reference to certain matters bearing on the Cape's defence consumed the residue of the Colonel's time. Kissing, therefore, his wife and daughter, and bidding them keep brave hearts, and promising, if nothing prevented, to see them again on the morrow, he took the jolly-boat and was speedily put ashore.

CHAPTER IX.

VAIN PLEADING.

IMMEDIATELY upon her father's leaving, Émilie Tournier sought her sleeping apartment for repose, declining *le second déjeûner*, the light midday repast common among the upper classes in the West Indies. Madame Tournier had partaken of refreshments, and was sitting at the table abstracted when M. Tardiffe's card, requesting a private interview, was handed to her. She at once received him, and they conferred together long and earnestly.

The substance of his communication was, that San Domingo could no longer be a fit place for whites; that, had emancipation been brought about peacefully and by degrees, with the institutions and methods of civilization

preserved, and the negroes gradually raised to a fair standard of citizenship, their freedom, as he believed, would have been a blessing to all; but that, having risen in merciless rebellion, the ignorant and bloody wretches would keep the colony a pandemonium; that, under the most favorable circumstances, prosperity could not return for a generation, and that he had resolved, by the first opportunity, to leave for England; that if Henry Pascal were alive, of which he had very little expectation, his penniless condition morally freed mademoiselle from her engagement; that M. Pascal himself, as soon as he had time for sober reflection, could not, as a man of honor, do otherwise than insist upon the release; that his own desire and purpose was to offer himself again in marriage to the daughter; that the effort of his life would be to provide for her a happy home in Old England, and that he would welcome her parents to share it with her. He thanked Madame Tournier very warmly for her friendliness towards him, expressed the hope that she would second his final suit, and asked

her to give to mademoiselle the note he presented, as an answer to her supplication to intercede with Dessalines in behalf of Henry Pascal.

Madame Tournier entered into M. Tardiffe's views and hopes with the utmost eagerness. The latter had sedulously cultivated her, and succeeded in thoroughly insinuating himself into her favor. Flattered and pleased by his adroit blandishments, she remained deceived as to his real character, and regarded him as being altogether the most eligible offer she knew of in the colony. From the first she had been partial to his suit, as the Colonel had been to that of Henry Pascal. At the same time she entertained a just regard for the high character of the latter, and, her daughter's decision having been made, acquiesced in it cheerfully. Now, however, as the fortunes of both families had been swept away at a stroke, and the continuance of the engagement, in her view, out of the question, she considered it the plainest wisdom and a moral necessity on her daughter's part to accept M. Tardiffe's offer. A lady of fashion and of luxurious tastes,

which wealth had enabled her freely to gratify, the sheer poverty confronting her was an unspeakable dread, and she became wrought up almost into an ecstasy for the complete and happy deliverance so easily within her daughter's power. She was persuaded M. Tardiffe had the qualities to make a good husband, and could in time win Émilie Tourner's affections; and the contrast between her daughter's portion as the wife of such a man, with a home of affluence in sterling Old England, her father's ancestral land, and where she herself had but recently been educated—the contrast between this outlook and a life of despairing poverty in distracted San Domingo, with the island in the hands of insurgent slaves, and not an influence at work or in prospect under which the Colonel could expect to lift himself up, was so overwhelmingly for the former view that she could not be without hopes that the offer would commend itself to her daughter's solid judgment.

Nevertheless, she thought with alarm of opening the subject to her, a request M. Tardiffe had been particular in pressing. She

well knew how closely the affections of Émilie Tourner's strong nature were knit to Henry Pascal; the excitements and terrors, too, of the past few days were visibly affecting her; and, deeply loving her daughter, she dreaded to add aught to the strain. But she regarded it as a life-and-death crisis. It was a vital moment, not to be recalled, for attempting the deliverance of her daughter and family from unutterable wretchedness, and Madame Tourner summoned her resources to the delicate and fateful task. As four o'clock drew on, Émilie Tourner rose from the ottoman, whereon she had vainly wooed sleep, and made ready to meet M. Tardiffe. Her expectations for a favorable response had been heightened by the news her father brought, that Dessalines was yet in camp. She presently joined her mother, and, scanning the quay, expressed the hope that M. Tardiffe would justify his reputation for punctuality.

"I trust you are feeling better, Émilie," said Madame Tourner, greeting her daughter in a cheery way.

“No, maman, I am *not* better, and my father’s apprehensions may be realized. I shall be glad, indeed,” shading her eyes with her hands as she spoke, as though the light was painful, “when the interview with Monsieur Tardiffe is over.”

“I hear,” remarked Madame Tournier, hesitating from a sense of dread to open the subject her mind was full of, “that Captain Winslow intends sailing for England as soon as the safety of the Cape is assured and the embargo raised.”

“For England!” musingly replied her daughter—“England is a favored land.”

“It is indeed, Émilie.”

“Strange that this people should be so quiet and prosperous, while a few miles over the channel another people are writhing in political insanity!”

“Would to God, my child, we were all there!”

“I have passed some happy days in England,” remarked Émilie Tournier, unheeding her mother and speaking in the same musing

way, as her eyes pensively looked out over the northward waters, "days so expectant and hopeful. Ever since my return the clouds have been darkening, darkening over us."

"I hear, too, Émilie, that Monsieur Tardiffe is to leave for England by the first opportunity; perhaps on the *Sappho*."

"I'm not surprised," answered the daughter. "My surprise is that, having transferred his wealth thither when he saw this storm brewing, he should have remained till it burst."

"You know the cause, Émilie. Who has held him in San Domingo?"

"I have never given him encouragement, maman," she quickly answered.

"Alas! my child, 'tis but too true. As affairs have gone, it would have been far, far better had you listened to Monsieur Tardiffe's suit."

"But the matter is decided, maman, and why should you recall the issue now? I hope," she added, "he will soon be here," as she again scanned the quay and drew her hand across her forehead.

Madame Tourner's moment had come.

“Émilie,” she said, speaking slowly and with a sudden accession of mingled tenderness and solemnity, “I have somewhat to say to you, and I beseech you, as though they were a mother’s dying words, to hear me patiently.”

Surprised at the strength and abruptness of the appeal, her daughter answered, as she drew back in the attitude of amazement:

“Maman, what can you mean? Have I been disposed to be wanting in proper respect for your opinions and wishes?”

“When I look, my child, upon your stricken face,” her eyes filling at her words, “I dread to speak; but I *must* speak. Will you consider what I have to say?”

“Maman, what *do* you mean?” she replied, more and more astonished at her mother’s language and manner. “What I must know let me know at once, and I promise the filial heed you have ever received.”

“Émilie, my word is this, and bear with me in saying it: If Monsieur Tardiffe seeks your hand once more, let me implore you to ponder the opportunity.”

A solicitation more unexpected, and, under all the circumstances, more trying, to Émilie Tourner could scarcely be conceived. With disaster and distress multiplied around her, and her tenderest anxieties profoundly roused at the desperate straits of Henry Pascal, it was an appeal, at the very moment she was endeavoring to rescue her lover, to turn her back upon him for his discarded rival. She perceived, too, in the suggested breach of faith a moral obliquity, and altogether her mother's words smote her intensely. Hardly believing her ears, she exclaimed with suppressed indignation :

“And this from you to me, maman ! Is it possible you can counsel so heartless an abandonment of Monsieur Pascal—at the hour, too, of his utmost need, and when my effort for him springs from the relation I bear to him ?”

“My heart bleeds for you, my daughter,” tenderly answered Madame Tourner. “Alas ! that they who love must often weep. But hear me through, and decide. Have you not promised filial heed ?”

“I have,” she replied; “but, mon Dieu! why reopen here this closed issue?”

“I will tell you, Émilie. Émilie, I love Monsieur Pascal, I applaud your effort for him, yet I see not how the engagement can continue.”

“On what grounds?”

“Because the fortunes of the families have changed, Émilie. Monsieur Pascal is penniless, and what dowry could you bring him?”

“If the worst should continue here, he still has expectations,” replied Émilie Tourner, with evident effort and reluctance at speaking, yet unavoidably drawn into the conversation.

“You refer to the Harrison project in Jamaica?”

“Yes.”

“But you are aware, Émilie, of the common talk, that this rising of the slaves must rouse those in Jamaica, and that the hope of England’s interfering in our affairs is founded upon her fears in this direction.”

She looked towards her daughter for an answer, yet received none.

“Monsieur Pascal’s expectations, Émilie, are

very doubtful; were they far more assured, mere expectations are not the proper preparation for matrimony; even were they realized, Émilie, Monsieur Pascal's income would be meagre and insufficient, with an infirm father, too, now dependent upon him."

Émilie Tourner sat silent, with eyes downcast. Fever was in her veins, and grief swelling in her heart.

"Émilie," her mother continued, "had the fortunes of the families a year since been what they are to-day, do you think Monsieur Pascal, whatever his affection for you, would have sought you in marriage?"

Her daughter still sat silent.

"For a stronger reason, Émilie, are you morally freed from the engagement, because both of you have suddenly sunk from affluence to poverty, with all the trainings of affluence remaining; and Monsieur Pascal, as soon as he can reflect, will, I feel sure, insist upon the release."

An answer came from poor Émilie in a flood of hot tears.

Sorrow is king of this world, thought Madame Tourner, as her eyes tenderly dwelt upon her stricken daughter. Her tears she deemed it best not to attempt to interrupt. She herself, though hoping the worst now over, was nevertheless greatly moved. The pang she felt compelled to inflict upon her daughter touched her motherly heart to the core, and, Émilie Tourner's paroxysm of tears having passed, she said to her, in a voice low and full of sweet sympathy :

“It distresses me, Émilie, very deeply indeed, to have to say these things; but a mother's love moves me, and if I have chosen this hour to speak, it is because an unparalleled and appalling crisis is upon us.”

“Maman,” answered her daughter, to whom tears had brought temporary relief, and who for the moment felt less disinclined for a part in conversation, “I understand you, and believe you speak for what you think is best. But even should reverse of fortune result in cancelling the engagement” (her eyes filling again),

“it is enough that my hand cannot be given where my heart is withheld.”

“Émilie,” rejoined her mother in a tone of earnest yet tender expostulation, “It is a school-girl’s notion that matrimony must needs be the sequence of a passion.”

“Matrimony, maman, is a sacrament, and a holy estate, and, should I wed Monsieur Tardiffe, I would be guilty before God.”

“No, Émilie, no; what justifies marriage, on sentiment’s side, are the qualities that command friendship.”

“And are you yet to learn, maman, that Monsieur Tardiffe, in my own estimation at least, is lacking in such qualities?”

“His wooing was rejected, Émilie, as I had supposed, not from positive dislike, but because your preference had been won in another direction.”

“I forbear,” rejoined Émilie Tourner, “to speak here of his character as I have read it; for he shows a disposition to aid in Monsieur Pascal’s rescue, and so far I own his conduct noble, and am deeply, deeply grateful.”

“Émilie,” said her mother with increasing earnestness, and encouraged by a willingness on her daughter’s part to bear the conversation, “our straits are desperate; one word from you can save us.”

“I know our forlorn condition, maman; no word from you can deepen my sense of it, and to any honorable sacrifice I would give myself, oh! how joyfully.”

“The hour is supreme, Émilie; out of it issues for life will come. Reflect before finally answering Monsieur Tardiffe. *I beg you on my knees,*” exclaimed Madame Tourner, with passionate energy, rising and apparently about to assume the humiliating posture.

“Never! You must not! Will you forget, maman, a parent’s dignity?” exclaimed Émilie Tourner, rising herself and extending her hand deprecatingly.

“I forget everything, my child, save the pressure of this crisis. Will you weigh your answer, Émilie?” she added, resuming her seat and bending upon her daughter an intense look.

“You have my word to give you filial heed. But, maman, be brief, if you have aught else to say. I feel I hardly know how,” passing her hand across her brow; for the momentary betterment was vanishing before the rising fever. “I can scarce sit up, and this light seems burning into my eyeballs.”

“Bear with me, my daughter, one moment more. Émilie, Monsieur Tardiffe is a gentleman, amiable and in every way accomplished, a man of experience and ripened judgment, of ample fortune, and with no faults that a good wife would not be able to control.”

She paused, expecting a reply, but Émilie Tourner sat mute, with her head bowed and the left hand shading her eyes.

“A man of such a character, Émilie, devoted to your happiness, should command the friendship that justifies marriage. If you would listen to him he would take us all to England—to England, where you have lived some happy years, and for which, since these awful days have darkened over us, I have often heard you sigh.”

She glanced at her daughter, but no response came from the bowed form.

“The alternative, Émilie, is wretchedness for you and for us. We are face to face, my daughter, with absolute, hopeless poverty, and this, to those who have known affluence, means a living death. Even should our slaves be recovered—a hope I see no expectation of ever being realized—how utterly despairing, Émilie, would the prospect be, with the estate in ashes, our friends as stripped as ourselves, and the colony all torn and at the mercy of Jacobin legislation! Your father, Émilie, is unskilled in any calling. Were it otherwise, where would positions offer in distracted San Domingo? And could a position be obtained, the pay would be that of a menial and cover only vulgar wants. His mind is now absorbed in other directions—the defence of the Cape excites and engrosses him; but he must soon wake up to his personal condition, and cruel, cruel days, Émilie, are at hand—days of weary and fruitless strugglings with poverty, and of bitter memories, and humiliation for his family.

Oh! my daughter, save yourself and us from lifelong woe!”

Her mother again paused; when lifting her head, and displaying a countenance on which grief and illness were tracing unmistakable lines, Émilie Tourner replied:

“Maman, I shall weigh the answer, as you have asked me to do; but I *must* retire. Call me when Monsieur Tardiffe comes.”

“He has been here already, Émilie,” said Madame Tourner.

“Been here already!” she cried out in blank astonishment.

“Why did you not call me?”

“It was unnecessary, my daughter.”

“He refuses, then,” she said.

“No, Émilie, he has arranged to go early to-morrow morning; but he goes conditionally, and his valet is to be here at six for your answer. This is his note.”

She seized it and read:

“**MADemoiselle:** San Domingo can no longer be an eligible abode for whites, and

by the next ship I bid it adieu for England. On the eve of departure let me solicit again the hand I have sought so long, and place at your feet what fortune I possess, and the love that repulse has not diminished. Let me ask you—and your parents—to share with me a happy home in a noble land, far away from this frightful island.

“Your mother is empowered to explain matters more fully; and should this note receive your approval, I shall hasten to comply with your request, and imperil my life in the attempt to rescue M. Pascal.

“I am, mademoiselle, with profound respect,

“LOUIS TARDIFFE.”

In her disturbed state of mind the closing sentence, for an instant, was unintelligible. She re-read the note, and its import delivered a blow not to be withstood. The sudden extinguishment of all hope for Henry Pascal, save at the price of wedding a rejected suitor, from whose character she shrank, and whose heartlessness now took such an advantage of

her necessity—together with her mother's distressful appeal—was too much for an already overburdened spirit, and Émilie Tournier sank fainting to the floor.

Madame Tournier's experience in the plantation hospital taught her the proper course at this crisis. Quickly adjusting her daughter's form to a horizontal position, she applied cold water plentifully to the face. Under these influences Émilie Tournier rapidly revived, and, her mother having hurriedly called in help, they assisted the patient to her apartment, where, exchanging the dress for a wrapper, Émilie Tournier sought her bed, desiring to be left entirely to herself and protected against light and noise. Madame Tournier retired to the sitting apartment, and, collecting her thoughts, received comfort at this dreaded interview's being over. On the whole it was much more satisfactory than she had had reasons for expecting, and she was not without some decided hopes for a successful issue. She felt convinced her daughter's practical mind must see that the engagement to Henry Pascal

was at an end, and several considerations encouraged the impression that she would, upon reflection, think favorably of M. Tardiffe's offer—brilliant under ordinary circumstances, and now plainly providential. Misinterpreting the source of Émilie Tournier's comparative passiveness (for it was illness, not a tendency to acquiesce), she considered it hopeful that her daughter did not resist the appeal more decidedly. Her wish, too, just expressed, to be left entirely to herself, was taken to signify reflection on what had been said to her, and reflection, under all the circumstances, Madame Tournier regarded as a prelude to the hoped-for decision. The advantageousness of the proposal in every way, and the moral necessity of closing with it, could not but commend itself, she thought, to her daughter's practical intelligence; and even should she regard its acceptance as a pure offering to her parents' welfare, her mother knew there was a spirit and a piety equal to the sacrifice; for Émilie Tournier was heroic of soul, and a daughter, too, in whom filial affection and dutifulness were "ornaments

of grace to the head and chains of gold about the neck." These favoring circumstances being dwelt upon by Madame Tourner, and colored and exaggerated by her intense desires, she was wrought up to think that what her daughter ought to do she would do, and awaited the arrival of M. Tardiffe's valet with some sanguine anticipations. From time to time she softly approached the entrance to the apartment of her daughter, whom she found apparently resting in quiet, and would not disturb.

The exterior quiet, however, was fallacious. Émilie Tourner was on the verge of acute illness. The fever was fast passing into delirium, and her outward repose was in vivid contrast with the agitation of the mind, whose chambers were thronged with dreadful visions drawn from the horrors of the past few days. At six the valet arrived punctually, and Madame Tourner entered her daughter's apartment as the latter, in a state of semi-consciousness, was rousing herself from one of these frightful visions, in which the monster Dessalines orders

Henry Pascal to execution. Seeing her daughter awake, she said :

“Émilie, Monsieur Tardiffe’s valet has come ; are you ready to give an answer ? ”

“Oh ! let him save Monsieur Pascal,” she cried in tones of deepest pathos, starting up and resting on the elbow, and speaking with a wild, terrorized look, which, in the shaded room, was lost upon Madame Tournier.

“On the conditions, Émilie, he has asked ? ”

“Yes, yes ! ”

“Shall I write him in your name ? ”

“Yes ; he must save him.”

“O Henry ! ” she cried, with an outbreak of tears, and for a moment becoming herself, “what horrors have I dreamed ! The light,” she almost screamed, looking towards the entrance to her apartment, the curtain of which Madame Tournier had partly drawn, “is blinding me—oh ! my head is bursting !—let me be alone”—and she clasped her hands to her forehead and sank back upon the couch.

In the agony of a great grief even a mother is an intruder, and Madame Tournier immedi-

ately withdrew. Anxiety in regard to the decision now gave place to sympathy for the sufferer. She knew through what pangs the decision had been reached, and her heart was wrung for her daughter. Still, there was a vast sense of relief that it was all over, and over so happily. It would all be for the best, she knew, and her daughter's words rung in her ears as angels' voices. The prospect cleared up beautifully. A dark, devouring cloud rolled off from before her, and a flood of silvery sunshine began pouring in. She at once addressed herself to the note to M. Tardiffe, and wrote as follows :

“DEAR MONSIEUR TARDIFFE: I write in haste and in Émilie's name. She accepts the conditions: and I trust and believe, should you find M. Pascal alive, that you will be able to rescue him. Émilie, as you may suppose, is in great distress. But the storm will soon be over, and all, I am sure, will be bright and for the best.

“Be on your guard against the claws of

Dessalines. He is a veritable tiger, and I shall be in dread till your return.

“I remain, monsieur, most sincerely,

“MARIE TURNER.”

Madame Tourner handed the note to the valet, and saw him off, and had returned to her quarters but a few moments when, hearing her daughter's voice, and hastening to her side, she was astounded and very greatly alarmed to find her in a state of delirium, in which the names of Henry Pascal, Dessalines, and M. Tardiffe were continually and piteously recurring. The ship's surgeon was immediately summoned. After a brief examination he pronounced it a case of acute and critical cerebritis, superinduced by intense mental strain. Help was called in, and the patient soon disrobed and the prescribed remedies administered, when Madame Tourner withdrew a moment to despatch a second note to M. Tardiffe. As ardently as she desired the match with the ex-proprietor, yet she was a woman of honor and a true mother, and would not, for

an instant, allow M. Tardiffe to act under mistaken impressions. She accordingly wrote to him that her daughter had been suddenly stricken with brain fever, and that her supposed assent to the "conditions" was given, as she now feared, in a moment of delirium and irresponsibility.

On applying to Captain Winslow for the service of a messenger, she found that the hour for allowing permits ashore had passed. The letter was delayed, therefore, until the following morning, and despatched then at the earliest practicable moment. It failed, however, of its object; for the messenger reported on his return that M. Tardiffe had left for the country an hour previous to his arrival.

CHAPTER X.

A THOUGHTFUL RIDE.



HIS last effort to capture Émilie Tourner had not appeared very hopeful to M. Tardiffe. He was, therefore, most happily surprised at receiving the madame's note. "The sweet bird," he inwardly congratulated himself, "that has eluded me so long is at last caged and shall now sing for me alone." He had really no expectation of being able to rescue M. Pascal. It was universally believed that the prisoners had been put to death. The excessively cruel character of Dessalines—stimulated as the monster was by the carnival of massacre, emboldened by victory, and pressed towards revenge by the horrible tortures with which a number of blacks, without show of trial, had just been put to

death at the Cape—gave ample warrant for such an opinion. It was felt, too, that Dessalines would be disposed towards violent measures, in order to make the breach between the whites and blacks irremediable. And in regard particularly to Henry Pascal, no one who had read the proclamation entertained a doubt that his recent arrival from Jamaica, should it come to the knowledge of the negro chief, would alone and at once decide his fate.

M. Tardiffe's supposition was that he would not have to advance far into the country before receiving intelligence in regard to the fate of the captives definite enough to warrant his return; and, though he should not have rescued M. Pascal, yet he felt that Émilie Tourner would be virtually within his grasp. The taking-off of her lover would remove the main obstacle between them, and the attraction residing in his ample and secure wealth, joined to the powerful advocacy of Madame Tourner, would, he felt assured, finally win the prize. Well known though he was as an *ami des noirs*, he was sensible, in the present spirit existing

among the blacks, of the danger he was encountering in advancing even a few miles beyond the Cape, and took what precautions he could against them. One was to go entirely unarmed. Weapons, though unused, would show, he argued, latent resistance and tend to rouse aggression; and where resistance is hopeless complete defencelessness is the safer state. His dress, too, was of the plainest style consistent with the air of a gentleman, and he discarded every kind of ornament and valuable likely to tempt the cupidity of black marauders. He put aside, therefore, his rings and watch, and replaced a well-lined silken purse with a few loose coin.

To avoid the heat as well as the rain, which at this season usually begins falling about noon, the gig had been ordered early, and an hour before sunrise M. Tardiffe was a league beyond the Cape. It was Saturday, the chief market-day, and within the first few miles numbers of colored women were passed, adroitly balancing on the head, with arms akimbo, great trays of fruit and vegetables, and bundles of Guinea-

grass. A sudden and exorbitant rise in the price of such commodities, the demand being especially pressing from the shipping in port, had tempted the venders to venture forth. Beyond this limit evidences of the insurrection grew distinctly visible, becoming more and more pronounced as M. Tardiffe advanced. But a few days before he had driven through this splendid plain then teeming with a busy, prospering, and opulent population, and bearing on its fertile bosom in richest profusion every staple of tropical growth. How miserably had all changed! Dessalines' plan of operations displayed his sagacity. This, as mentioned elsewhere, was to desolate the plains and rendezvous in the mountains, where the labors of the women, aided by the soil's natural bounty, would supply a commissariat. The results were now before M. Tardiffe's eyes. Broken hedges and fencing, utterly wasted fields, the cane being everywhere cut down or trodden under foot, the charred *débris* of tobacco and indigo houses, of mansion and sugar-mill, had converted a magnificent and

exhilarating prospect into one broad scene of desolation.

The accounts M. Tardiffe had received, though of the most vivid character, failed to convey fit impressions of this wide and wanton waste, and around him began deepening a sense of apprehension which the perfect solitude tended to enhance. Where were the thousands and thousands of blacks who at this hour were wont to go forth to work and greet the rising sun with joyous song and sally, as in long lines they would hoe up the cane or cut down the straw-colored stalks? The greater part had betaken themselves to the mountains, and for those remaining the hour was too early, since the negro is a drowsy creature, and had now ample opportunity to indulge his bent. The first blacks seen were a couple of women sitting near the roadside beneath a lime, not far from a massive stone bridge spanning a brawling brook. M. Tardiffe rode by without speaking. They were uncanny, ill-looking objects, and he had little hope of obtaining from them the information he desired; and had

his expectations been higher, the impudent and malicious way in which they eyed him would have been sufficient cause for passing in silence. He had crossed the bridge, and was still musing upon their peculiar leers as boding no good, when the interpretation came in his being set upon by a gang of marauding blacks who had been sleeping off a carouse in the cabins attached to a ravaged plantation on his right.

Their wild, maudlin cries were all the more startling, inasmuch as the view of the ruins, caught a few moments before, had roused in M. Tardiffe's mind a train of especially depressing reflections. The mansion, that stood here, now in ashes, was familiar to him. It was a handsome structure finely situated on one of the many beautiful thoroughfares that radiated from Cape François. In his country drives M. Tardiffe had repeatedly passed it. More than this, he personally knew the proprietor, M. De Villiers—moved in the same social circle—and, before his obnoxious political opinions estranged him from the planters, had, on divers occasions, been a guest at its elegant soirées. The

smoke was still ascending from the débris, and M. Tardiffe's thoughts were at once absorbed in conjectures respecting the possible fate of the occupants. Had this charming family escaped? (thus ran his musings)—he had not heard of their being among the refugees at the Cape—that was ominous—they may have found a way to Plaisance, or Dondon, or Grand Rivière, or some other near town—or had they, alas! fallen victims to the lust and rage of the negroes? He feared they had. The thought profoundly shocked him, and at that moment of concentration on a particular, the horrors of the insurrection stood out before him with a depth and clearness he had not before experienced.

A period of terror, grand and awful scenes, cannot be conveyed fitly to the mind by general delineations. A period or scene of this kind is an aggregation of particulars, and as long as these are not accurately taken in, the impression made by the whole is inadequate. But let a typical particular be sharply set forth. The mind at once seizes it, multiplies it, and conceives in its fullness the entire scene.

Cæsar, for example, describing, in his Commentaries, a certain battle-field, is not content to rest in a general description of its uproar and carnage. He selects, with a master's judgment, an individual illustration, and represents a father seeing his son pressed by two German warriors. In an agony of grief and rage the father rushes to his son's aid. Alas! too late. The son falls, and the sword that is withdrawn dripping from his body, pierces his own heart. A few strokes from Cæsar's unrivalled pen portrays the battle scene in colors far deeper than pages of general description could effect.

An impression, after this manner, was now made on M. Tardiffe's mind. The accounts of the insurrection he had received, were dreadful enough. But as he now confronted the smouldering ruins of the familiar mansion, in whose brilliant halls he had mingled in revelry with the wealth and beauty of this splendid colony, and thought upon the harrowing fate that all too probably had befallen his quondam friend and his charming family, the horrors of the

negro rising unfolded with a vividness not till then realized.

In truth the spot was memorable as the scene of one of the most heart-rending, most beastly, most villainous massacres in the history of the outbreak.

M. De Villiers was a wealthy and hospitable planter, and the head of an interesting family, a wife and five children (two sons and three daughters). The sons were under ten years of age, but the daughters were elegant young ladies, the eldest being eighteen years old, the youngest scarcely fourteen.

In the details of the insurrection, agreed upon in the secret meetings of the slaves, the country was divided off into small districts, and these placed severally under a guiding head. The planters were all singled out, and a certain number of blacks, proportioned to the resistance that might be expected, were assigned, under a designated leader, against each specially. The De Villiers family was one of the few, that, by a formal decree, were to be spared. M. De Villiers was not only the kindest of

masters, but had uniformly borne towards the blacks generally, an amiable demeanor; and all this was now remembered in his favor.

Gautier was the name of the leader designated to conduct this family in safety towards the Cape. He was the trusted slave of a neighboring planter, and in the transaction of his master's business with M. De Villiers (they having close relations with each other) was often at the house of the latter. Under these circumstances they came to know each other well, and a friendship sprang up, such as might exist between slave and planter. M. De Villiers was gracious and approachable, and Gautier often consulted him in regard to his own private affairs, and was the recipient of many a little favor from him. At his own request he had been put at the head of the band to do this deed of mercy.

For several days vague rumors of an approaching outbreak had been afloat, originating no one could tell exactly how—perhaps in something peculiar in the bearing of the blacks, or in ominous expressions let fall in moments

of ill humor or anger. The planters generally pooh-poohed them; yet they remained a new subject of most anxious thought and conversation.

It was in the small hours of that awful night of August 22nd, that foot-falls on the front piazza, followed immediately by loud raps upon the door, roused M. De Villiers. In her colonies, as well as in France, it was a period of upheaval and profound agitation, when the least unusual night noise was doubly startling. Springing up and drawing aside the curtain from a southward window, which, from the mansion's elevated site, commanded an extended prospect, M. De Villiers stood horror-stricken. The conflagrations visible over *la plaine du nord* unmistakably revealed the outbreak. Entreating his wife to control herself and support the children, for she was now up and by his side and wringing her hands in agony, M. De Villiers threw on his nether garments, and, arming himself, hastened below. To a question put from within the door as to who the intruders were, the answer

came that it was Gautier and his band, all friends, who had come to save him and his. A window was now thrown up, and a parley held through the blinds. Gautier told him the slaves had risen over all the province, but that M. De Villiers and his family, by an express order, were to be spared—that he had been assigned for his protection—and asked admittance till dawn, when he would conduct his family towards the Cape beyond the line of danger.

M. De Villiers was overjoyed and poured forth his gratitude. He reminded Gautier of the kindly feelings that had so long existed between them, and of the many favors he had done him. The latter replied that he was sensible of all this—that M. De Villiers' humanity towards his slaves and good will among the blacks generally had now got its reward—and that he (Gautier), as knowing him well and being under obligations to him, had been given, at his own request, the post of protector.

While this conversation was going on, an

under current of thought darted through M. De Villiers' mind: Could he resist with any chance of success, should he have occasion to doubt Gautier's sincerity? He himself would be powerless, he knew, against this armed band. A pistol shot might rouse the plantation. But it would be the signal for massacre before any help from that quarter could possibly reach him; for the cabins and overseer's house were two furlongs away. (The facts, in truth, were that his own slaves were all off on the special work assigned them, and the overseer lay murdered in his doorway.) He must trust Gautier—there was no alternative—and he really felt, from what he knew of him and from the long-continued kindly relations with him, that he could trust him safely; while he reflected, moreover, that had Gautier's intentions been hostile, he certainly would have acted in a different way, not rapping, as he had done, for admittance, but either forcing the house, or entering it stealthily.

All this thought was the flash of an instant, and before Gautier had ceased speaking M. De

Villiers' course was clear to him, and a decision made. Renewing, therefore, to Gautier and those with him the most fervent thanks, and calling down blessings upon them, he said he must let his family know the state of affairs and calm their fears, when he would at once return to admit them.

He found his wife and children all up and awaiting him in the utmost consternation of mind. The little boys were crying bitterly at being suddenly roused from sleep and terrified at some impending evil, which they saw in the manner of those about them, but the exact nature of which they were too young fully to understand. The mother was endeavoring to quiet them in vain; for her own tears and agonized expression belied her words. The daughters stood apart speechless with terror, as pale as ghosts, and convulsively grasping each other's hand.

M. De Villiers' information gave immense relief, though all remained conscious of the appalling circumstances still surrounding them. The daughters especially were half dead with

terror at the thought of being captives in the hands of barbarians. M. De Villiers spoke encouragingly. They would be saved, he said—and all haste must be made to prepare to leave; for, at the earliest dawn, an hour hence, a plantation wagon would bear them and the guard towards the Cape.

He then returned to admit the negroes. No sooner was this done than they demanded food. Madame De Villiers, therefore, came down, and, with the greatest alacrity and in the most engaging way, spread before them, from her ample stores, a rich repast. Gautier presently called for wine—a request M. De Villiers heard with dismay, dreading the possible effects. Under the circumstances, however, he could not refuse, and so wine was brought out.

Gautier and his men ate and drank long and freely, and Madame De Villiers called her daughters down, to aid her in serving. A fatal step; for Gautier was now inflamed by drink, and at the sight of these elegant young ladies his animal instincts took fire. As they moved about the table his eyes followed them with an

ominous expression. In the greatest alarm M. De Villiers saw it, and privately gave his daughters (who themselves were now frightened by the negro's manner) a signal to retire. In the act of leaving, Gautier bade them remain, adding an insulting remark. This hastened the movement towards the door, when Gautier, springing up, seized the arm of the foremost—and instantly a ball from the pistol of the infuriate father grazed the negro's ear. All was now in uproar. Before M. De Villiers could draw a second pistol, he was pressed to the floor by two of the blacks, and, by Gautier's order, securely tied. The three daughters were borne fainting to a room above, locked in, and a guard of two blacks stationed at the door. The massacre then began. The little boys were stabbed, as the mother, with heart-rending cries, threw herself upon them to receive herself a fatal thrust. M. De Villiers, a witness to these butcheries, was next despatched in the most cruel way, his arms and legs being first cut off, and then the head severed from the body. The villains now made

for the room where the young ladies were confined. The sole mitigation to their fate was its unspeakable, overwhelming character; for there is a point towards suffering's extreme end where the agony turns upon and partially throttles itself. The God of pity hath so tempered us that the shock from the anticipation of what these poor creatures were about to endure, brought a merciful degree of insensibility. Prostrate on the floor more dead than alive, the mortal cries from below just reached their swooning ears, as the features of a confused and ghastly dream. We omit the details of the repeated outrage, as given by Franklin. Death at length delivered them. The mansion was then fired, and the smoke was still issuing from the smouldering ruins as M. Tardiffe passed by. Had he known the circumstances his heart must have sunk within him.

To return to the narrative of his journey :

M. Tardiffe was one of those nervous and apparently timid men we often see, whose impressionable nature conjures up and exaggerates the tokens of danger, but who, when

the danger itself becomes manifest, at once stiffen themselves resolutely to oppose it; and he was conscious, as the maudlin blacks ran towards him with wild cries of "Buckra! Buckra!" that it was a crisis calling for all his resources. The blacks seized his bridle and compelled him to dismount, and hustled him very roughly, paying no regard to his asseverations that he was Louis Tardiffe and a friend to their race, and were going through his pockets for valuables when the leader of the gang, recognized by the marauders as "Cap'n Cato," rode up on a mettlesome nag.

"Cudjoe!" spoke the captain in a loud, blustering tone of command, addressing a young fellow of stout build and having the plump appearance characteristic of sugar-mill hands who have free access to the cane-juice, "hold dis here snaffle."

Cudjoe at once sprang forward with great alacrity, for military obedience, he had already learned, must needs be swift. The veriest of masters, however, is he who has once been a slave, and Captain Cato, partly to emphasize

his authority, partly to bully the white man, thought fit immediately to add :

“D’ye *hear*, boy? You Guinea nigger!”

“I hear, sah!” answered Cudjoe, as he seized the bridle.

Captain Cato dismounted, and eyeing his prisoner all over as he approached him, demanded in brow-beating style who he was, where he was going, and on what business. The latter replied that his name was Louis Tardiffe, that he was well known as a friend to the blacks, and that he was on his way to confer with General Dessalines on matters of importance. At this announcement, delivered in a manner at once cool and remarkably polite, the captain’s features relaxed considerably; for he had frequently heard the name of M. Tardiffe mentioned in connection with the asserted rights of the lower races. But the negro is suspicious by nature, and the captain’s features grew grim again as the thought popped into his head that the prisoner might be deceiving him. He therefore said, looking sharply at his man :

“Buckra, me sabe who M. Tardiffe be; but how can me sabe ef you be him?”

Strange to tell, not until that moment had M. Tardiffe considered the highly probable necessity he would be under to make good his identity, and to extricate himself his fertility of resource seized upon a *ruse de guerre*, the success of which depended upon the negro's inordinate vanity. It was fraught with hazard, yet not enough in M. Tardiffe's judgment to balance the danger of being held by these maudlin marauders. The blacks here and there, had picked up a little learning and were able to read. M. Tardiffe, however, had a conviction that Captain Cato's intellectual progress had not advanced so far; yet he believed the man's vanity, which he could see had been powerfully stimulated by his new-born authority, would not permit him to deny the accomplishment, could its possession be so adroitly insinuated as to allow him to claim it without reasonable risk of his deceit's being exposed.

Drawing forth, therefore, a chance letter—

which proved to be a brief business one conveying his last London remittance—and speaking in a suave, engaging manner, he said :

“ This, Monsieur le Capitaine, is my passport, secretly sent me by General Dessalines, and which I read :

“ ‘ HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PETITE ANCE.

“ ‘ This permits Monsieur Louis Tardiffe to pass and repass my army lines. He who molests him shall answer before me.

“ ‘ [Signed] GENERAL DESSALINES.’

“ But you can see for yourself, Monsieur le Capitaine. I presume you can read a passport.”

The captain took the proffered letter, and scrutinized it very carefully with his maudlin, stupid eyes ; but the examination was made, as M. Tardiffe observed, with the paper upside down, and the latter felt greatly relieved at seeing his surmise justified and the stratagem succeeding. Handing back the paper, he stepped aside with his men, and they whis-

pered together for some moments, he informing them, with many gesticulations, that the man was not only M. Tardiffe, the “nigger’s friend,” but that he bore a passport from General Dessalines, and that no harm or hindrance must come to him. In truth, the wily negro had a thought—though the smooth and confident way in which M. Tardiffe had read the paper made a decided impression—that the alleged passport might be a deception. There was, however, he felt, at least a probability of its being genuine, in which event Dessalines’ threat was one to tremble at. So Captain Cato made up his mind to allow M. Tardiffe to pass, to which conclusion he was materially assisted by knowing that the prisoner had about him nothing valuable. Returning, therefore, to where he had left M. Tardiffe standing, he grasped him by the hand, and told him he was glad all over to know him. In his rude style he apologized for the roughness of his men, and said there would be no further trouble, as the way was clear to an outpost “better’n a league ahead,”

and that thence he would be safely escorted to the general's presence.

M. Tardiffe returned thanks in suitable terms, and followed with searching inquiries as to the fate of the captives, yet could gain nothing definite. To a special question the captain replied that he had not heard of their having been shot. At parting the captain drew forth an ample flask of taffia and offered it to our traveller, who saluted the bottle with apparent good-will. Shaking hands with Captain Cato, and bowing politely to his men, now officiously friendly, M. Tardiffe remounted his gig and rode forward, with a salvo of yells from the blacks. His cogitations were serious, as he now saw himself compelled to go on to the negro camp. He had never for a moment contemplated meeting Dessalines. And what if Henry Pascal should be alive? To intercede for him had been equally far from his thoughts. It became necessary, therefore, to devise some reason for the interview, and a plausible one quickly suggested itself in the desire to shield certain friends at Dondon,

which town Dessalines, it was currently reported, was preparing to assault. He soon reached the outpost. The officer in command was a young mulatto lieutenant, who at once recognized and warmly greeted him. He had often seen him at the Cape, where the latter, particularly after his pronounced advocacy of enfranchisement, was a conspicuous object to the colored races. His recognition and the cordiality of the reception were most gratifying to M. Tardiffe, and he concluded to accept an invitation to take refreshments and rest himself and beast over the noon—a step to which he was the more inclined as rain had just commenced falling. The inquiry as to the captives was here renewed, and our traveller received the astounding information that not only had they not been shot, but that Dessalines, being in want of funds (the negro insurgents having secreted for themselves by far the larger part of the money found), was strongly inclined to hold them at a ransom.

Prior to leaving he obtained a letter of introduction to the chief, and got some insights into

his character useful in the coming interview. The lieutenant declared Dessalines would be delighted at seeing him, and would accord him a royal welcome; that he needed at this juncture just such a friend to indicate to him the pulse of the colony, and take counsel with in regard to future plans. He said, too, that since the victory the lower order of negroes fairly worshipped him, that all regarded him as being invincible, and that he was really a man of superior military sagacity and indisputably brave. A squad of men were detailed to accompany M. Tardiffe through the lines, and the latter, again remounting the gig, proceeded on his way, protecting himself as well as he could against a steady fall of rain.

“Well! well!” he inwardly ejaculated, “Henry Pascal alive, and possibly to be ransomed! That does not suit me at all—it does *not*,” he added, with an emphatic blow in the air, as if he were hitting his rival. “Suppose I should succeed in rescuing him; one sight of her lover would turn mademoiselle’s head, and she would find some way to twist out of her


promise. And even were she disposed to abide by it, would not an ugly settlement with Henry Pascal be inevitable?"

He knew the latter was a determined man and dangerous when roused, and that the attempt to wrest Émilie Tournier from him would render him furious. And though M. Tardiffe, as has been mentioned in these pages, was himself not wanting in courage, yet, under all the circumstances, he shrank from the thought of meeting the wrath of Henry Pascal. It was a subject of grave import, and he dwelt long upon it. Some conclusion, however, was at length reached, for a couple of miles, perhaps, had been made when his manner suddenly changed. He raised his head, cheered his horse, and began to inspect the surroundings. The black camp was evidently near; for the strategic points were all well guarded, and on every hand negro soldiers were multiplying, though the weather had driven great numbers to shelter. The rain increasing, the horses were urged, and the party soon reached a cross-roads occupied by a large negro force.

Here M. Tardiffe deemed it advisable to remain till he could receive an answer to the letter of introduction. This was forthwith despatched to Dessalines' headquarters, at the residence of a wealthy mulatto a mile away. Within a half-hour the answer came, exceedingly polite and cordial, and M. Tardiffe, greatly raised in spirits, immediately sought the presence of the negro chief.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INTERVIEW.

 HE anticipation of the lieutenant in regard to the manner in which M. Tardiffe would be received were fully realized. Dessalines' language was excessively coarse and vulgar, and his manner habitually bullying, and it was not his wont before any one to place restraint upon himself in respect either to speech or passion. But M. Tardiffe, whose keen eyes were wide open to indications, could see that the marked cordiality was genuine, and all fears for himself were dismissed. He at once proceeded to business, and informed Dessalines of the object of his mission—that he had dear relations in Dondon, and having heard of the chief's intention immediately to assault the town, and not

doubting the success of the attempt, he had risked the dangers of the road in seeking him to intercede in their behalf, and he expressed the hope that what he had done and suffered for the blacks would win this favor.

Dessalines promptly replied that M. Tardiffe's wish was a law, and asked for the names of his friends and location of their residences, declaring, with a great oath, that not a hair of any of them should be touched. The memorandum was made out and presented, when Dessalines observed, in his vernacular—a very curious compound of profanity and coarseness, oddity of expression, and affected smartness—that M. Tardiffe's visit was well-timed; that he had upon his hands a number of prisoners, and being in need of *shiners*, for so he denominated the sinews of war, he was half in mind to put them at a ransom, and hoped he could obtain from M. Tardiffe information in respect to their ability.

“Blow me, monsieur,” he remarked, giving expression to his sense of their marketable worth, “if they an't mostly officers—a rum lot,

as Old Harry said 'bout the ten Commandments—and I want 'em to bring me ready money."

M. Tardiffe replied, expressing regrets that his knowledge in this direction was so scant, that round sums could no doubt be had for any officers from the arsenal or ships, that he was acquainted with the circumstances of only one of the prisoners, M. Henry Pascal, and that he knew him now to be as poor as a barber's cat. To Dessalines' answer that no such name was upon his list he replied that Henry Pascal's capture was the talk of the Cape, whereupon Dessalines, producing the list, handed it to him with the remark that he could see for himself.

He took the paper, and having rapidly glanced over it, stood for a moment abstracted and with a puzzled air. A second look was more carefully made, and reaching a certain name he paused to scan it. The result was satisfactory; for almost immediately he exclaimed, as a smile played over his features:

"I have it, Monsieur le Général, though it's under disguise. It's given here as Henry Beattie, but it must be Henry Pascal. Beattie

was the name of his mother, an Englishwoman," he added.

Madame Pascal was of English blood only in so far as she was an American. But M. Tardiffe had a purpose in making the false statement, and the expression of his eye deepened on Dessalines to note the effect of this last word.

"*English*, is he, confound him!" growled out the chief. "I'll be shot if that don't kinder rile me." *

"I beg pardon, Monsieur le Général, *half-English* only," put in M. Tardiffe, to keep the English thought well before the mind of Dessalines and nurse his rising wrath.

"That's nuf to git my hump up," said Dessalines. "What in the dickens, anyhow, has he gone and took his mammy's name for?"

"I can't imagine; but it must be he; he is just now on a visit from Jamaica, his present home," replied M. Tardiffe, cutting another

*Dessalines' peculiar speech, for the most part, cannot be literally rendered into our tongue. The author has endeavored to give the best possible English equivalent. The brigand's drill-sergeant was a marine, a deserter from a French man-of-war, who had formerly been a professional boxer, and from him Dessalines had learnt a slang vocabulary.

significant glance at Dessalines. To depict the rage which upon this announcement shot from the eyes of the brigand and expressed itself on his swelling features would be impossible. Springing from his seat, with loud slaps on the thigh, as was his wont when unusually aroused, he skipped about the room under intense excitement, crying out: "Kickeraboo! kickeraboo!"* Then stopping suddenly before his guest, he continued, wildly gesticulating.

"I'll cook the buster's goose. I'm jiggered if he sha'n't dance on air, and that in a jiffy."

M. Tardiffe had often had accounts of Dessalines, and was prepared for outbursts of passion; but the suddenness, the degree, and the eccentricity of his fury were astonishing, and in the "tiger" before him he recognized the justness of the title that fame had given this notorious outlaw. He saw, too, his own private scheme in the course of a perfect fulfilment. Feigning surprise, however, at Dessalines' deadly purpose, he said:

* A term used by West India negroes and meaning "dead," being a corruption of "kick the bucket."

“Why, Monsieur le Général, I thought you were meditating a ransom!”

“Haven’t you seed my proclamation? I’ll act on the square with the Frenchers; but these English furriners from Jamaica, who come over to stick a finger in the pie and help the Frenchers put bracelets on us niggers, I’ll not let up, I tell ye, on nary one I catch. Is the chap,” asked the chief, as a turn of thought struck him, “kin to the old one at Sans Souci?”

“Yes, they are the Sans Souci Pascals,” replied M. Tardiffe, mentioning some circumstances in regard to the family.

“He’s a gone goner. I’ll court-martial Henry *Beattie* slap-dash,” said the chief, significantly emphasizing “Beattie.” “We’ll receive the codger in full rig, and you be there to see how I’ll bamboozle him and slip into him. I’ll flummux him as clean as a whistle,” continued Dessalines, as a twinkle in his eyes at the trick he was concocting replaced their angry fire.

This precipitated a grave dilemma. Should anything befall Henry Pascal, M. Tardiffe

realized it would never do to have a suspicion exist that at the time he was in the camp ; and on the other hand, Dessalines had been drinking freely, and was in a state in which it was sound policy not to cross his wishes in the most trivial particular. He therefore, in his insinuating way, represented that as he was well known to Henry Pascal and to his family, he hoped, if the chief found cause to take any step against the prisoner, that the latter should neither see him nor hear of his presence, nor any one learn that he had given information concerning him.

“ N. C.—nuf ced,” responded Dessalines in his remarkable lingo. “ Come, I’ll give yer a pig’s whisper.” And suiting the action to the word, he added, speaking close to M. Tardiffe’s ear, “ I’ll not let on, but you are bound to see the fun. We’ll scrouge you in a corner where your peepers can git him but his’n can’t git you.”

M. Tardiffe saw the necessity of yielding to the wish of Dessalines, who, having conceived a plan for entrapping Henry Pascal, was

delighted with an opening for at once gratifying his brutal cunning and displaying his acuteness before his distinguished guest. He therefore made a virtue of the inevitable, and readily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement as to his presence. At the same time he took the precaution to ask that his name should not be known in the camp, and pointedly solicited Dessalines to be sure of so placing him as to be invisible to the prisoner, requesting besides an opportunity to make some necessary personal preparations, the ride and the rain having in no slight degree disordered his dress.

“Right you are,” replied Dessalines; “and after yer drive I’ll bet you’re needing inside lining, and something damp wouldn’t be away. I’ve got golopshus articles, to be sure; bang up stuff, monsieur, bang up, I tell ye; first class, letter A, No. 1. Here, you Sampson, you,” he continued, calling out vigorously to an attendant, a squat, dapper-looking fellow in gray fearnought suit, with his wool combed up before in queer fashion, who stood in waiting outside the doorway, “git some belly-timber

for monsieur, and a swig of 'O-be-joyful'—the latter being Dessalines' expression for his favorite rum. Sampson, who had but lately entered the special service of the chief and was unfamiliar with all of his gastronomical allusions, stood perplexed as to what was signified by "O-be-joyful," when Dessalines broke out:


"Why don't you leg it, you lazy cuss? Blame me, if you wouldn't lay down yer musket for to sneeze."

Sampson explained his hesitation by saying, with the profoundest servility, that he did not quite understand the order.

"Od drot a chucklehead! Meat and drink, then, for monsieur, and the best we've got, and plenty of it, and in a crack, or I'll sock into you," rattled off Dessalines, menacingly shaking his brawny arm. Sampson vanished before the redoubtable fist, of whose vigor the chief's subordinates had not unfrequent experience; and another attendant having been called, and instructions given to provide apartments for "monsieur," and assist in his toilet, Dessalines hastened out to arrange for the court-martial.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

HE house occupied as headquarters for the black army was a stone structure, with ample piazzas fronting north and south, and latticed in, as usual, on their east and west sides. At a table in its best and largest room, and an hour subsequent to the events recorded at the close of the last chapter, sat Dessalines, with his secretary and four of his chief officers, being the military board for the trial of Henry Pascal, who had just been brought in under a guard of soldiers.

Dessalines alone wore his military hat. As a token of distinction it was unnecessary, for this celebrated negro possessed an individuality amply sufficient to distinguish him without adventitious aids. The first impression he pro-

duced was perhaps that of physical power. Somewhat below the medium height, he yet showed great breadth and depth of chest, his whole aspect being suggestive of the personal strength for which he was remarkable. His features presented some unexpected contrasts. The lower portion of his face was good, singularly so for an African. There was none of that disproportionate and peculiar development of the inferior jaw often observed in the negro, in which the angle protrudes backwards and the mouth is thrust forward, giving the lower face a retreating chin and an apish aspect. The chin, on the contrary, was relatively small and symmetrical in all its lines, the direction and curve of what anatomists call its symphysis being perfect—the chin rather of refinement and delicacy.

These favorable impressions, however, were entirely overborne by the truculent and repulsive features that formed the residue of the face. The forehead was low, round and bulging; anger gleamed in the eyes, ill-nature sat upon the mouth. The nose, of true African

type, was small and flat, and supported what limners call the "lines of malignity," which, making out from the base of the spreading nasal wings, terminated at the commissure of the mouth, and curved the right upper lip in such a way that the teeth on that side were just visible. The brows were heavy and contracted, the eyeballs prominent, standing out in fatness and lust, with obtrusive whites, and a slight obliquity in the visual axes. A life of perpetual danger and the necessity of being always on guard accounted for the sudden starts of the eyes, which looked blood-shot and angry from these abrupt and incessant strainings; and over the entire face a habit of deep drinking gave unmistakable manifestations. The temple veins were turgid, the muscles uniformly swollen and puffed up, and it was solely for the lack of a white skin that grogg-blossoms were not more conspicuous. His uniform, a matter upon which the inordinate vanity of this brigand laid special stress, was a kind of blue jacket with eight rows of lace on the sleeves, a full red cape falling over the

shoulders, red cuffs and brilliant epaulettes, scarlet waistcoat and pantaloons, with half-boots, round hat with red feather, and a cutlass of unusual size and weight.

Over against the chief stood the prisoner, Henry Pascal. To follow up his fortunes subsequent to the battle : The night succeeding that disaster to the French arms a copy of Dessalines' proclamation, by some means, no one could tell how, found its way into the prisoners' room. Next morning it was eagerly read, by none so eagerly as by Henry Pascal, who saw in it features having a special interest for himself. It was not simply the closing paragraph, wherein Dessalines expressed his bloody purpose in reference to any English from Jamaica falling into his hands, but that these words were *underscored*. The lines had not been very clearly made, but at once caught his eye. He was in no sense an Englishman, except that he spoke the language fluently. As for Jamaica, however, he had but recently returned from an extended visit to that island, and it was currently believed, he knew, that

he had removed thither. These circumstances, the rather remote personal relation of which to the proclamation he might otherwise have overlooked, the underscoring brought home to him, and their significance grew as he dwelt on them and on the capricious character of Dessalines.

While musing thus, with his eye still upon the passage, he suddenly perceived with great astonishment what he thought must be a personal allusion in the underscoring itself; for it stood in a succession of short dashes, made by skips of the pencil point, and these were eleven in number, answering to the letters of his name. And he even fancied he saw a wider space between the dashes separating the two parts of the name. Of this he could not be certain, since the pencil, where it jumped the surface, shaded off the lines, and the paper at this point had become rubbed by being folded, and the tracings partly worn. Still, there was enough to amaze and greatly interest him. Could it be a mere coincidence? It is true his full name was Henry Beattie Pascal, but

he was commonly known as Henry Pascal simply. Besides, of all the prisoners he alone could be considered as coming in any degree within the scope of Dessalines' threat, and altogether he could not resist the conviction that the proclamation was meant for himself as a warning from some friendly hand.

Strange as it may seem, this circumstance, though it revealed new and exceptional peril, was a source of real comfort. It was a token of sympathy all unlooked for—a rift, however slight, in the black, angry cloud that hung over him. From the short and fitful sleep to which exhausted nature had at last yielded the prisoners awoke that Friday morning with renewal of the most dreadful forebodings. What mercy could be hoped for from these cruel, red-handed, infuriate blacks, in the hour, too, of triumph, and frantic over freedom to settle with the whites for the treasured-up wrongs of years? The prospect was utterly despairing, and the prisoners expected momentarily to be ordered out to execution. It was very gratifying, therefore, to Henry Pascal's

feelings, even for humanity's sake, to note a sign of sympathy emerging from this frenzied, malevolent mass; to feel that among these blacks one heart at least was solicitous for him, that one hand had been raised, at least to this degree, in his behalf. After reading Dessalines' bloody proclamation the thought came over him like a warm message of love and peace, and round it a shadowy hope began to play—the reflection, perhaps, that possibly the same hand might be raised again in some more effectual way.

As to what course to pursue in order to avoid this new danger he was uncertain. Perhaps it was meant (so his thoughts ran) that he should be ready with explanations against any questions which might arise regarding his rumored residence in Jamaica, or perhaps it might be better to assume another name. His business as a fruit-buyer often carried him to the plantations, and he must be known personally, he thought, to many in the black army; nevertheless, to disguise his name would lessen the chances of discovery. He was unable to

reach a satisfactory decision, and deeming it best to await the issue of events and shape his conduct accordingly, he turned to the consideration of who this friendly hand might be. Instinctively his thoughts were directed towards Jacque Beattie. That the latter was in Dessalines' army he considered highly probable; and whose image, under all the circumstances, would a thought of succor from the blacks so naturally call up as that of this faithful slave? Against Jacque's identity, however, with the "friendly hand" lay, upon the whole, a large balance of probability. So argued Henry Pascal. For, supposing it altogether certain he was in the black army, there was the merest chance he should know that his young master was among the captives.

But Jacque was not the only one, he reflected, from whom such a warning might have come. Throughout the province his father was well known as a just and humane master—a character all the more conspicuous for the excessively severe and capricious conduct which the planters often exhibited towards their slaves. Henry

Pascal, too, was himself a generous soul, with a gracious, attractive bearing, and had won the general favor of the blacks, with whom (particularly with the leaders among them) his business trips to the plantations had brought him into not unfrequent intercourse. Towards his family, therefore, and himself especially, he felt that there must be those in the black army who were well disposed, and from whom, in return for some of his many little kindnesses, this hint may have emanated.

Such were his thoughts that Friday morning when, at an early hour, Chantalle, Dessalines' private secretary, entered the prisoners' apartment to obtain a list of the names. A decision as to his own at once became necessary, and he gave his name as Henry Beattie. It was the thing to be done—so he thought at the time.

These personal reflections, which shot through the prisoner's mind upon the discovery of the underscorings, interrupted but for a few brief moments the course of thoughts that had been torturing him ever since his capture. Loss of sleep, a wounded temple, and the vitiated air

of an overcrowded apartment had brought on a raging headache ; physical discomfort, however, was scarcely regarded under a dreadful pressure of thoughts from without. Having no hope for himself, with what agony did he think of his father, old and feeble, and utterly stripped of the fortune to whose ease and delicate delights his life had been habituated ! Why had they not gone to Jamaica—as they had had thoughts of doing—before all this ? Oh ! that he had taken his father thither when the first muttering of the storm was heard ! His filial heart sank within him, borne down as by an awful weight. And Émilie Tourner, dear Émilie Tourner, bereft, too, of fortune, and still prostrate within the shadow of the ghastly dangers she had just escaped, what new trials must *she* bear ! These harrowing thoughts, the dark impressions of which his bodily discomfort tended strongly to deepen, became too much even for the resolute spirit of Henry Pascal. His firmness gave way to the pressure, and for a moment he bowed his head and wept.

Blessed gift of tears, for saint and sinner blest! On the believer's soul, when in its arid moods and spiritual motion forced and dull, they fall like Hermon's dew and arouse the tenderest and sweetest intercourse with God. And for the natural man these tears avail. They signify some lessening of the strain, some lifting of the cloud, and turn to view the brighter side of things, as through the humid eye a bow of hope is thrown upon the visual nerve.

Henry Pascal experienced the relief which naturally follows a flow of tears, and began to take a little courage, thinking that possibly his fortunes might not be altogether desperate. In the thick darkness this warning he had received was the solitary ray round which hope would now and then rally. The proclamation, which he had himself retained, he drew forth for the oft-repeated time, and scrutinized again the underscorings. Imagination is a potent factor in practical affairs, and under its influence uncertainties are prone to beget magnitudes. Possibly this friend, he would say to

himself, may be some one near Dessalines and able to do a good turn. And he would dwell on this thought, recalling the prominent blacks whom he knew and could remember having befriended, and budding hope would color his imaginings, and a prospect of deliverance suddenly sweep his spirit like a breath of fresh air. From such fancyings he would rouse himself and treat them as extravagances. The train of thought, however, would return upon him again and again, and in one of these reveries he was absorbed when a summons came to appear before Dessalines.

A great sensation among the prisoners followed. Henry Pascal himself was apparently the least affected. He could not understand the summons, yet the frame of mind in which it found him inclined him to regard it rather favorably than otherwise. He very well apprehended the character of Dessalines; but the monster, he also knew, had on some rare occasions been generous, and hope whispered at his ear that this exceptional summons might in some way be connected with this unknown

friend. With such an impression on his mind he was hurried by the guard into the presence of Dessalines and his officers. His face bore the effect of physical and mental suffering. He was pale and heavy-eyed, the paleness being deepened by a dark band across the wounded temple, caused by extravasated blood; yet there was withal a certain air of collectedness such as a brave spirit, animated by some secret hopes, might manifest under such circumstances.

M. Tardiffe had entered the apartment previous to the prisoner's arrival, and seeing no means of concealment and that recognition would be inevitable, insisted upon a position on the piazza. This was a spacious appendage to the building, latticed in at the ends, and showing on the open side a partial view of the estate, with the windmill standing among palms on an eminence. Here M. Tardiffe was seated by a window connected with the room. The sash was raised, but the shifting Venetian blinds were down, and he had full command of the apartment without risk of being observed.

As he took in the situation on the prisoner's entrance, his eyes sparkled and he rubbed his hands in glee over the way things were going. Dessalines, who was in that state of incipient intoxication signified by the word "primed"—a state precisely suited for the display of his personality—and who keenly relished such an opportunity for exhibiting his brutal cunning, began the interrogatories with artful dissimulation.

"What's yer name?" he asked the prisoner, in as kindly a manner as he was capable of assuming.

"Henry Beattie."

"Chantalle," said the chief, turning towards his secretary and attempting the high-sounding language for which negroes, even as naturally shrewd as Dessalines, have an irresistible *penchant*, "set down his deposition."

"Where d'ye live?"

"At the Cape."

"What's yer business?"

"A fruit-buyer."

"I thought you was somebody else," said the

chief. "I thought yer name was Henry Pascal. They've been telling me about him. They tell me Henry Pascal's a prisoner, and I thought you was him."

He paused and fixed his red, roving eyes full upon the prisoner, as if expecting some answer. The latter, however, though profoundly startled, controlled his emotions and remained silent, wondering what the end would be, and Dessalines continued:

"You're here, buckra, and I'll tell ye why. They call me a devil, don't they? And them priests say a devil can't do good; but blest if I an't one that can. Look a-here: I'm on top now, but you sabe I was once on a time a poor runaway. He couldn't catch me; I mean him I had to call master—curse that name!" Dessalines added parenthetically and in a low gnashing tone, and then immediately broke out, almost in a shout, "*Vive la Révolution! Ça ira! Ça ira!*—no he couldn't catch me; but, I tell you what, he took it out on my old woman, Tamoën. I used to creep in of nights to the cabin, and I knowed how she was tor-

mented. She got the cow-skin, got it heavy, and they drove her to the field starved and naked; that's what made me a devil, buckra," lifting his great brows and shaking the forefinger as he spoke.

"Well, one moony night I meet in the road Monsieur Pascal. I'd heard 'em say he was a good master and had feelings for niggers. I tell him my story, and I asked for money to git things for Tamoén, and I got it, and I'm a *devil* that an't a-going to disremember. Well, buckra, they've been telling me you is his son, and I was going to say to his son, You is free; and if his dad's got to the Cape, I was going to send him to him safe and sound as a remember from Dessalines."

Henry Pascal followed Dessalines' words with great and increasing agitation of mind, and was entirely misled by the assumed manner and apparent sincerity of the speaker, as well as by the circumstances interwoven in the address. Monster though he was, Dessalines had done, as young Pascal knew, some eccentric acts of generosity; the conduct attributed

to his father was altogether in keeping with his character, and paralleled by many marked instances of kindness to blacks which Henry Pascal could himself recall; and the allusions Dessalines more than once made to those who knew Henry Pascal and had been talking to the chief about him agreed with impressions already made by the underscoring. Completely deceived, therefore, and with a sentiment of gratitude towards Dessalines as profound as the occasion for it was unexpected, he eagerly availed himself of the pause to speak out, in a husky voice, and almost overborne by emotion:

“Sire, I am the son of the man of whom you speak; my name is Henry Beattie Pascal. Let me—”

But he was not permitted to express his eager thanks, for, bursting into a roar of laughter so wild and so loud as to resound through the chamber, Dessalines at that instant sprang from his seat and cried out:

“Yes, you Jamaica slubberdegullion—yes, I’ve heard ’bout you, for true. I ’llowed I’d git you. Come to fight niggers, eh? And now

the Lord has delivered you into a nigger's hand. Out with him, guard, out with him, and make daylight through him in a kick."

As Henry Pascal saw the trap into which he had fallen, a flush shot athwart his countenance and as rapidly ebbed, leaving in its track a death-like pallor. Yet he was himself in all the whirl of thoughts—vengeful, spiritual, filial—which rushed on his mind and pressed for solution within the compass of an instant. Against Dessalines, whom a moment before he was regarding with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, the revulsion of feeling was intense, and the impulse to curse the brute to his face instinctive and all but resistless. The result, however, he foresaw would be his death on the spot, and why sacrifice the moments of life now remaining and yield his soul in a tumult of passion? Explanations flashed on him—but would he be heard? If heard, would he be believed? At least he would make the effort for truth's sake, if no more.

It was all in vain. He was in the clutch of a fiend to whom in such moods justice and

mercy were utterly unknown, and who, as Henry Pascal attempted to speak, broke out upon him :


“Come, come, none o’ yer lip, or I’ll settle your hash right here myself.”

By this time the guard, who knew the necessity of despatch in executing the orders of this negro, had hustled the prisoner to the door, when Dessalines stopped them :

“Chain him down in the cage to-night. It’s where they’ve teached dogs to go for niggers, and I want the buster to lay there a while and think. But hark ye,” lifting a finger as he spoke, “he’s to be cold meat by sun-up !”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAGE.

HE "cage" referred to by Dessalines had been brought into the camp from the plantation of M. Latour, the brutal master spoken of in a preceding chapter. It was a cube in shape, measuring six feet each way, and made out-and-out of iron. The sides were finished in with strong bars crossing each other at right angles, and an extension of this lattice-work formed the frame of the roof, upon which boards were laid. It had been used by M. Latour at times as a prison for slaves under discipline, but more generally as a kennel for his blood-hounds when in training to catch runaways. In training these dogs the usual method was as follows: They were early parted from the dam, and, in

order to develop fully their natural ferocity, were reared as far as possible upon warm blood taken from various animals. At a suitable age the belly of a negro dummy, filled with blood and entrails, was opened before them, and the hounds encouraged to feed from it; and this was repeated day after day until the savage creatures associated the negro form with the satisfaction of hunger. They were then shut up in a strong kennel or cage, such as this from M. Latour's, and kept there without food, water only being supplied to them, till symptoms of starvation began to become manifest. When thus maddened by hunger the keeper would bring a negro dummy, stuffed with their favorite food, and place it upright before them, and the hounds, furious at the sight, would howl dreadfully, and make frantic efforts to break through the bars. To excite them the more the keeper presently would slowly advance the dummy nearer and nearer, motioning all the while towards its breast and encouraging the dogs, whose howls would now be exchanged for low, intense whines

and murmurs of delight. Then he would suddenly remove the dummy back, at which the wildest cries of fury would burst from the brutes, and not unfrequently, in the rage of disappointed desire, they would fall upon and destroy each other. At last, when they had been roused to the utmost, the door would be opened, and they would rush upon the dummy and instantly rend it into pieces.

While at the horrid meal they were carefully caressed by the keeper, and so taught to distinguish between white and black, as between friend and foe; and this was the keeper's protection when the hounds were out upon their human hunts. So accustomed were they to regard the negro as their lawful prey that it was necessary to keep them securely chained. At times they would break loose, and the most dreadful things are told of how on such occasions they would rend innocent blacks, and especially children, that they met by chance. With the greatest accuracy these creatures learned to discriminate the African scent, and, once on

the trail of a runaway, followed it up with deadly sagacity. Escape was well-nigh impossible, unless the black took to a tree and awaited the keepers, whose mercies, by the way, were often scarcely more tender than those of the hounds. As may be supposed, the negroes regarded them with mortal terror. Naught else human conveyed to their minds such ideas of horror.

The morning after the battle a party of negroes, headed by Welcome, had brought over the "cage" in triumph from the Latour plantation, but a few leagues away, and it now stood beneath a lime in a rear enclosure connected with the headquarters, where it was regarded by the blacks with great curiosity as being intimately associated with the cruelties of a notoriously brutal master. In this kennel Henry Pascal was locked up for the night. Save a sawn section of a tree that had been rolled in for the occasion, it was void of furniture. On this block the prisoner was seated, and to it his fetters were secured by chain and staple, while a plate of coarse dry fish that had

been sent in for his supper remained untasted beside him.

Negroes are great gossips, and "news" goes from mouth to mouth with astonishing speed. It was almost immediately known throughout the camp that a prisoner was on trial, and many loitered about headquarters to hear the issue. When, therefore, they saw the prisoner thrust into the "cage," and learned from the guard that he was to be shot next morning, the report passed through the camp like a flash, and the blacks began flocking to the spectacle. Presently it was noised about that the prisoner was no other than M. Latour himself, and this greatly increased both the numbers and the excitement. A peering, scowling, cursing throng became rapidly massed about the "cage," and the guard had difficulty in keeping hands off. In the press were many women, great numbers of whom thronged the camp, drawn thither either by the curiosity natural to the sex, or as connected with the commissariat (the black army at the time received its supplies almost exclusively through this channel), and

the hags far outdid the men in their hideous grimacing and vituperation, and most foul and horrible imprecations. Woman! woman!


In every age, race, and degree,
The main of tenderness and sweet charity
Abides, O womankind, with thee;
Yet if thou shouldst a demon be,
A good one thou, a good one verily.

Suddenly above the tumult came a sharp bark. The allusion was instantly perceived, and every note of the dog broke from the angered and imitative blacks—whines, yelps, bays, barks, snarls, growls, and howls, in a most strange and a most frightful chorus. The effect was maddening, recalling, as the cries did, every blood-hound horror; and the passions of the crowd, acting and reacting on each other, rose into a frenzy, and it looked as if they would drag the prisoner from the “cage” and tear him piecemeal. The guard, however, succeeded in convincing those nearest them that the prisoner was not M. Latour, and the rain, which now began to fall heavily, drove many away and had a cooling effect on the rest, to whom, moreover, the guard more fully

explained the circumstances of the trial ; and in the face of approaching darkness these, too, began to depart, till the vicinity of the “cage” was deserted save by a solitary black. He was a negro of striking aspect, and his manner and actions altogether peculiar.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACQUE.

HEN the key turned in the lock of the prison-door Henry Pascal closed his eyes on earthly things. Towards his father and towards Émilie Tourner his thoughts would now and then go out, but it was torturing and disturbing, and he forced them back and bent them upon himself. To prepare for death was now the work before him; and it pressed, as he had but a span to live. Solemn is that closing hour—far more so if faith has enlightened the soul—when all related things must be forgotten and we really get face to face with ourselves. In current life such converse is rarely held. These related things continually engross us and shut the “ego” from view. What am I? Whither

am I going? are moving questions when their eternal possibilities are at the point of solution.

In a glance Henry Pascal took in his past life. The retrospect was one of light and shadow, yet far above the average of his class. He had been upright and honorable before the world, his filial duties had been discharged with singular devotedness, and, compared with the young men of his day, who had very generally become infected with the rank infidelity of France, and whose morals were notoriously corrupt, he was religious. At an era of aggressive, defiant, fashionable unbelief he had not been ashamed to avow his faith, and his connection with the church, made in early life, had never been formally broken. But the age, as we have said, was eminently a scoffing one; the planters, many of them enormously rich, were steeped in licentiousness, a race of sybarites; every tendency towards vice and license had been prodigiously stimulated by the spirit caught from the mother country; and these adverse influences were concentrated at the Cape, where Henry Pascal had been residing

for some years, apart from his family. Besides all this, the distractions of the colony exerted an irreligious bias, and in his mother's death he had lost a spiritual friend. It is not surprising, therefore, that in spite of himself, as it were, he should have yielded more or less to such environments, and religious duties, of late years, fallen into neglect. At heart, however, he was religious. There remained a root of faith, strong in early culture. Weeds had sprung up round it, but had not choked it.

As he now seated himself upon the prison block, he drew from his pocket a small silver crucifix. It was doubly dear, for it had been a gift from his mother years before, and ever since he had very carefully kept it about his person. Even of nights he would hang it round his neck or fasten it to a button-hole, and it came to be a point with him never to have it parted from him. Had he been less enlightened, he could scarcely have regarded so suggestive an object as a mere charm. Still, he had a sense of being uncomfortable when the crucifix now and then chanced to become

misplaced, as if some protective influence had departed. This crucifix, which in other times he had so often and so fervently pressed, and which even in the latter days of carelessness he had sacredly kept near him, he now drew forth. It was fragrant with a mother's memories, and he dwelt upon her and all she had taught him. Upon *her* he dwelt, for she was among the dead, and he was soon to be numbered with her. Of his father he would not permit himself to think.

Scarcely had these communings begun when they were broken in upon by the tumult that almost immediately arose around the "cage." At first it was distracting, and Henry Pascal prayed for night and quietude. But the intensity of his emotions was preoccupying, and he soon ceased to regard the uproar, save as it fell in with his own mental workings. As he pressed the crucifix and thought of the Man of Sorrows, stretched on a cross innocent and unheard, his naked body blistering under Syria's noonday sun, and every eye that turned upon him a dagger, he saw in his own circum-

stances, with this deafening storm of passion raging round him, some sort of a parallel, and it gave to his supplications a vivid realism.

“Jesu! Jesu!” he would cry within himself, “through how much pain and how little pleasure didst Thou press on to a bitter death! Oh! be a friend to me. Holy Mary! pray for me. And thou, my guardian angel, help me at this hour.”

As the numbers and rage of the crowd began to lessen rapidly under the influence of the elements and the explanations of the guard, Henry Pascal welcomed the approach of peace. He now withdrew more entirely within himself, and failed to notice a black who had passed several times to and fro just in front of the “cage,” and each time, as he reached the rear of the solitary guard (for his comrade had gone to supper), raised his forefinger across his lips, as if soliciting recognition. This negro had been a looker-on upon the outside of the throng, taking no part in the demonstrations. He was a tall, powerful-looking man, apparently in the prime of life, erect as an Indian,

head small, but symmetrical, and firmly set on massive shoulders. As he passed for the third time Henry Pascal, who had lifted his eyes and was looking out with a far-away expression into the gathering darkness, caught the gesture, and bending his gaze through the gloom, with a thrill recognized the form. Jacque (for it was no other than he) saw the recognition, and repeating the sign, passed on. Upon the return he again raised the finger to the lips, and receiving the sign from his young master, immediately withdrew.

It is no reflection upon the sincerity of Henry Pascal's spiritual preparations that another train of thought now rushed into prominence. He stood upon the threshold of life, full of health and strength, and bound to the world by tender ties. Naturally, he desired to live, and the hopes and conjectures originated by Jacque's appearance on the scene filled and agitated his mind. From his knowledge of Jacque's fearless character and devotion to his family he felt perfectly certain an attempt at rescue would be made should the slightest

opportunity offer. But could the faithful negro succeed? Jacque must be single-handed, he reflected, and could he possibly rescue him, imprisoned and under guard, from the centre of a military camp? The night was stormy, and, so far, favorable, he thought; the vigilance of the raw blacks, too, must be at a minimum in such weather; and Jacque was sagacious as well as brave. There was a chance, and he clung to it, and kissed the crucifix again and again for it.

The night was, in truth, a stormy one. The day had opened bright and breezy. The sky wore a brilliant blue, and not a cloud could be seen save a few white strata lying low along the eastern horizon. Towards noon some mare's-tails appeared in the north, and by-and-by there was an overcast, the sun occasionally breaking through; but the clouds, which moved slowly from the southwest, seemed too high for rain. They grew more dense, however, and an hour later the rain began, at first in a drizzle, gradually increasing, with now and then, as darkness drew on, heavy, quiet pours. From

this time a tempest developed, the wind rising and the lightning displaying itself over the heavens in broad areas, followed by high rolling thunder. It was one of those *growing* storms sometimes seen in the tropics, the rain-falls ordinarily being sudden and furious, with terrific descending peals, and succeeded often by brilliant sunsets.

The prisoner being chained within an iron "cage" under lock and key, the captain of the watch deemed two guards sufficient; and as the night advanced, and all save the elements had become quiet in the camp, these arranged between themselves to take shelter by turns in a neighboring out-house. Toward midnight the weather was tempestuous. It rained, blew hard, and was very dark. The man on duty was squatting against the lime that stood at the southwest corner of the "cage," resting the muzzle of the musket on the ground, and clasping the lock in the arm-pit in the endeavor to protect it from the damp. His cap was drawn down close over the eyes, and he was dwelling upon the execution to take place in

the morning, wondering how many would be detailed to shoot, whether he himself would be among them, whether *his* shot would take effect, etc., when his ear—negroes are remarkably quick to hear—caught the sound of a foot-fall to the rear. Supposing it was his comrade, yet surprised, as he felt sure his time was not out by half, he started up and turned in the direction of the sound. As he did so, a deadly blow stretched him on the sod. He fell without a groan, as dead as if the heart had been pierced.

Jacque and his companion, (for the former was accompanied) at once fell to work. They dreaded the lightning, which in a storm of this character shone in wide sheets of mild blue light, making objects as distinct as day. Not a word was spoken. The door of the "cage" yielded easily to a prizing-bar, Henry Pascal's fetters were quickly broken, and silently and rapidly the three moved on, under Jacque's guidance, till a point in the wood was reached outside the limits of the camp. Here Jacque stopped and hurriedly said that he must go

back, that he held a position of prominence, and, to avoid suspicion, should be in his place before the return of the other guard to his post and the escape became known; that he (Henry Pascal) could fully trust his companion, who would explain everything; that pursuit, he thought, would be out of the question, as the rain would destroy all trace of footsteps. He further told him that it was he who had saved him in the battle and who had gotten in the proclamation, and also that M. Tardiffe was on a visit to Dessalines. All this was said in the most hurried manner possible. Time was precious to each. Jacque held out to his young master the hand of adieu, at which the latter fell upon his neck, and having embraced him with the utmost ardor, struck out with his guide. Two miles away a musket report, borne upon the stormy wind, told the tale of the escape; but they considered themselves secure from pursuit, and felt assured Jacque had had time to make good his return.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FLIGHT.



OF THE insurrectionary negroes some were guided by lofty motives and took no hand in the ghastly excesses that characterized by far the larger part. Among these was Jacque Beattie. He had been identified with the movement from its inception, and his high character and intelligence at once secured position. The officers for the black army Dessalines selected almost wholly from his own trained men. Outside of this body Jacque was one of the very few who received a responsible place. He was known in the army as Colonel Beattie, his command consisting of some five hundred men, at the head of whom he had shown conspicuous gallantry in the late battle. Though not within

that limited circle around Dessalines where military measures were authoritatively discussed, yet he was in a position to learn at once conclusions reached. He knew of Dessalines' disposition to ransom the prisoners almost as soon as formed, and, to warn Henry Pascal against Jamaica reports, contrived through the guard to have a copy of the proclamation, with the pencillings that had been correctly read, dropped into their room. He was aware, too, of M. Tardiffe's presence in camp. He knew well this man's real character, and shared his young master's opinion of him, *l'ami des noirs* though they called him. As a trusted body-servant in the Pascal family, he was fully cognizant of the rivalry between him and his young master. When the latter was suddenly summoned before Dessalines a suspicion at once arose that M. Tardiffe might be at the bottom of it, and the impression deepened on his learning the nature of the false charges for which Henry Pascal had been ordered to execution. What other source for these charges so likely, he thought, under all the circum-

stances? Upon the accusation or its origin, however, he did not dwell. His sole thought now was the rescue of his young master, and this he resolved to attempt if a possible chance of success offered.

In the person of another negro, with the sobriquet of Kingfisher, Jacque had a confederate. His real name was Francis, and in early life he had been the property of Colonel Tourner. His wife, however, belonged to another proprietor, whose estate lay in the northeastern corner of the province, not far from the town of Limonade; and as the Colonel's efforts to buy the woman had proven fruitless, he had disposed of Francis, upon his own entreaty, to this proprietor, that man and wife might not be parted. In felling timber Francis had sustained an injury that permanently disabled one of his legs, and a crab-yaw afterwards attacked the foot. Rendered unfit for active plantation work, his master, a kind-hearted man, had settled him, in requital for faithful services, upon a few acres near the mouth of the Yaqui or St. Iago, a river that empties into the sea,

by a broad and deep channel, some fifty miles eastward from Cape François. Here Francis lived practically free. Bella, his wife, looked after the patch. He himself devoted his time to fishing, for which the Yaqui and its tributaries afforded an excellent field; and in this occupation he became so expert that he was commonly known as Kingfisher. After supplying his master and himself from the products of his nets and traps enough remained to enable him to turn many an honest penny, and altogether he was a well-to-do, happy “nigger.”

Kingfisher had brought in fish and vegetables for the army, ascending in his canoe a western branch of the Yaqui to within a few miles of the camp, and soon came across Jacque Beattie. Jacque and he were close friends, though Jacque was much the younger. In earlier life (the Pascals and Tourners, being intimate and the estates near each other) they had been a great deal together, and after the latter's removal they were not so far apart as not to meet at least occasionally—the slaves, of

nights, being notorious go-about, and often making astonishing journeys. The moment Jacque (who was intensely on the watch) learned the result of the court-martial, he sought out Kingfisher. He had influence with him, and knew him to be good grit, and that he cherished a warm regard for the Pascal family. So he sounded him, and finding him to his mind, made known the facts in regard to Henry Pascal, dwelling particularly on his belief that his young master's hapless fate was due to the machinations of M. Tardiffe, envenomed against him as the successful suitor for the hand of Émilie Tourner. All this touched old Kingfisher, under whose black skin beat a big, tender heart. He remembered very gratefully his good old master, nor had he forgotten the many little kindnesses of Madame Tourner, nor the sweet face of "Ma'm'selle." He had not seen her since she was a child, she having been abroad at school. But her beauty and winsomeness were fresh before him. He knew, too, Jacque's young master, especially as the playmate of "Ma'm'selle," when he belonged

to the old plantation. To help him was like helping the "old folks;" and all this, aided by Jacque's strong personal influence, readily won him into an ally. Jacque and Kingfisher conferred together, but nothing definite at the moment could be settled upon. The stormy night was favorable. The point of difficulty related to the guard. Should a strong one be posted, an attempt to rescue would be futile. So it was arranged that Kingfisher, when darkness set in, should leave the camp with his baskets, as if homeward bound, and having secreted them by the wayside, meet Jacque at a designated place, some hours later, for instructions. Meanwhile the latter was on the lookout, and soon informed himself as to the number and disposition of the guard—that two only were detailed, and they on duty, turn about, at intervals of a couple of hours. His plan, therefore, was to slay the guard as soon after reaching his post as he thought his comrade would be asleep, pilot Henry Pascal from the camp, and, placing him in charge of Kingfisher, return to his own quarters before the discovery

of the rescue. How far the execution was successful has been already mentioned.

To return to Henry Pascal and Kingfisher: Little conversation occurred as they hurried on as fast as circumstances would allow. The latter informed his companion that their immediate destination was his own home near the mouth of the Yaqui, where Henry Pascal might strike a brig or schooner; and that, in default of such good luck, he would try to get him to the Cape by night through the country. Beyond this nothing was said, save a necessary word now and then, Kingfisher's attention being absorbed by the difficulties of the way. Between the camp and the country there was a vast amount of passing, and parties might be met even at such hours on such a night. Kingfisher, therefore, whenever he could, chose turn-outs and blind paths and obscure roads, and though he was thoroughly familiar with every foot of the country, the darkness and the storm and his lame leg withal made progress necessarily slow. Full three hours were consumed in going the six miles to the point

on the *Riviere du Massacre*, where had been left the canoe or dugout, as it was commonly called, being hewn and hollowed from a section of a tree. It was well that Kingfisher had taken the precaution to draw the light craft some distance ashore, otherwise it would have been lost or destroyed in the swollen waters. The canoe was found safe in its place of concealment, but to proceed for the present was out of the question. The Massacre, at all times a rapid stream in this piedmont country, the heavy rain-fall had now made a torrent. It became necessary to wait for day, by which time Kingfisher hoped the waters would so far have run down as to enable him, in the light, to manage the boat.

It was a wild, unfrequented, densely wooded spot, and several hours of delay being before them, Kingfisher urged on his companion the necessity for all the sleep he could get, as the next three leagues would be trying. They reascended, therefore, the precipitous bank to its summit, and in an open space beneath a pimento-tree sought repose, Henry Pascal

resting against the trunk, and the old negro stretched out upon the wet leaves. Henry Pascal had thought that sleep was impossible, but no sooner had he settled himself and exertion ceased than over-wrought nature responded to the invitation. The great and prolonged tension suddenly relaxed, and before he knew it he was sleeping soundly. He awoke within an hour. Sleep had been short, yet intense and refreshing. How changed was all! The morning was fair, with a few flying scuds. The stars were out, shining beautifully bright through the cleared-up atmosphere, while the moon, in her last quarter, hung in the western sky. Henry Pascal felt buoyant and strong. How sharp the turns in life, he thought; how quickly our levels rise and fall, and show the slowly changing world in new aspects! The occurrences of a few hours before were a dreadful dream, resembling those storm-driven clouds that had been drenching the earth and sending forth lightnings and thunderings, but had now all passed away and given place to the peaceful stars.

He reproached himself for not having expressed the fulness of his gratitude to brave, noble-hearted Jacque Beattie. But the time was so short, all were so hurried, Jacque would understand it, and Jacque should yet know the depths of his heart towards him. His thoughts then turned upon the loved ones at the Cape. How joyfully would they meet? The crucifix was in his hands. He knelt and poured forth thanks. When he rose the gray dawn was just peeping over the eastern mountains. Kingfisher still slept—heedless of the mountain gnats, though the bite is like a spark of fire—and he was allowed to sleep on; for down towards the shaded river it was yet densely dark.

The deep forest silence, enhanced rather by the waters' monotonous flow, the stir of life, coincident with incoming day, now began to break. From a neighboring tree a potoo gave one of its loud, hoarse *ho-hoos*, followed by a lower note from the depths of the throat. The mate answered; then all was still again. Suddenly came a rushing, whizzing, startling sound. It was a piramidig, or night-hawk, swooping

on its insect prey. The swoop apparently was a signal; for immediately these birds, deprived by the storm of the evening's meal, were out in great numbers, winnowing the crisp morning air with their long, narrow, arcuate wings—now flying low, now careering on, now beating up and up, to get space to swoop in perpendicular descent; now following each other in close and persistent pursuit, “eager for the nuptial rite upon the wing;” now darting on prey, with their broad, viscid mouths wide opened; wheeling and doubling, with sudden zigzag dodgings, and stationary flutterings when a choice catch happened to be made. As Henry Pascal sat musing and observant the while of these birds, watching their movements and listening to their singular cries, the day had rapidly advanced. In the glowing east, beneath some purple strata that hung motionless in their resplendent settings, a fiery rim shot above the horizon, and anon the glorious tropical sun, full orbéd, was sending forth his level rays.

Henry Pascal roused Kingfisher, whose first

care was to hasten down the bank to learn the state of the waters. He reported, to the surprise of his companion, that he thought they could proceed. These island streams run off as suddenly as they rise, and though the Massacre was still swollen and dangerous, Kingfisher was an expert boatman, and good reasons existed for making the start at the earliest practicable moment. He then explained to Henry Pascal the circumstances of the journey before them—that the course of the Massacre for the next three leagues was through a wild, broken section, and the stream so rapid and rough, especially in its present state, that daylight was necessary for managing the boat; that as the river was now more or less a highway for the coast negroes bearing supplies to the camp, his safety required that he should covertly follow the canoe along the bank; that he hoped these difficulties would be surmounted early in the afternoon, and the point reached where the river approaches the savannas of the lower lands, and its waters grow calmer; that here they would remain in hiding till nightfall,

and then, under cover of darkness, continue their journey together in the canoe.

They broke their fast, from Kingfisher's wallet, on cassada cakes and roasted yams and plantains. Henry Pascal aided to launch the boat, and the journey began. It was a toilsome one to both, their efforts, by the way, being in precisely opposite directions—Kingfisher's endeavors were to hold back, those of his companion to press forward. The former was greatly hindered by the fish-box in tow. He thought several times of cutting it adrift, but it was a good one, and had been long in use, and he decided it was worth extra trouble. In the turns and eddies of the swift current, with this box swinging from side to side and varying the canoe's course, his best skill as a boatman was called into exercise. Henry Pascal's progress was by far the more difficult, and at very many points it became necessary for Kingfisher to pole ashore and await him. To thread a virgin tropical forest, even when one may vary his course along the line of least resistance, is a feat. The difficulty vastly increases when the

course is prescribed, and that along a river's margin. The dense vines and undergrowth, many of them, like the sensitive plant, armed with the sharpest needles, would have been impenetrable but for the hatchet which Kingfisher had supplied from the canoe's outfit. Great prostrate trunks, so soft with decay as to be scarcely able to sustain their own weight, were often in the way. Not unfrequently considerable detours became absolutely necessary, at which times communication with Kingfisher was maintained through whistles and halloos. Here and there tributaries interrupted progress, when our fugitive would either take to the water or be carried over in the boat. Besides all this, it was necessary to be constantly on guard against venomous insects and creeping things. In the nine miles but one public road was passed, where a bridge spanned the Massacre, and here Kingfisher took the lead and carefully reconnoitered. At noon a halt was made, though half a league only of the journey remained. A delightful north wind, moderating the weather, had followed in

the wake of the storm, but down by the river the heat was stifling, and Henry Pascal felt completely worn out. A short repose renewed his strength, and the fugitives struck out again, anxious to finish this part of their course as soon as possible, in order to get rest against the night journey; and two hours later they reached the point of which Kingfisher had spoken, where the Massacre becomes broader and smoother and approaches the cultivated lands.

They had suffered no interruption save from natural obstacles. Throughout this wild, sparsely-settled section, close upon the Spanish line, not a living soul had been seen or heard, and the swollen waters of the Massacre had forbidden ascending boats. Here the light cottonwood canoe was drawn ashore, and arrangements made for substantial rest. Henry Pascal had, indeed, a battered look. He was excessively fatigued, and his garments all soiled and rent and in the utmost disorder; but his heart was light, bubbling over with emotions of gratitude and joyous anticipations. High

upon the bank a spot was chosen, and the contents of the provision-wallet having been well explored, he stretched himself out, with the trusty negro by him, for the rest and sleep his jaded frame needed, and to which all the surroundings lent their aid; for on this elevation, where the forest was less dense and the open country in the near distance, the cool north wind blew, the light of the effulgent sun came down to him softened and subdued through the myriads of green leaves that rustled above, fragrant sweetwoods and logwoods and many kindred growths loaded the air with "Sabeian odors," and the forest birds sang a lullaby. Beautiful little todies—the robin redbreast of the West Indies—in grass-green coat and crimson gorget, gave forth low, sibilant cries as they sought from twig to twig their insect prey; from the thickets, where they were darting to and fro, came the full, clear whistle of keen-eyed, fidgety hopping-dicks, while overhead in the tree-tops, or circling above them in their strong but short flights, were screaming macaws and paroquets.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE MASSACRE.



THE negro is peculiarly sensitive to cold. He gets chilly with the going down of the sun, and through the night sleeps well covered, even in tropical latitudes. As the shades of evening fell and the atmosphere became charged with dewy freshness, the lowered temperature roused Kingfisher. It was time to renew the journey. He awoke his companion; the canoe was launched, and the fugitives were borne along on the bosom of the Massacre. It was one of those beautiful tropical evenings which once seen is never forgotten. The stars, admirable for size and radiance, shone out from the depths of a perfectly clear sky, "a firmament of living sapphires." Westward the distant lightning

—incessant at this season—played fantastically in the low banks of clouds skirting the horizon. The night breeze blew deliciously; and the canoe, for whose steerage an occasional stroke of the paddle sufficed, glided forward on the swift, smooth current of the river. Refreshed by his nap, exhilarated by the surroundings, and no longer preoccupied by the difficulties and dangers of the way, Kingfisher was talkative. He knew, too, how to adapt himself to his audience; for he dwelt almost exclusively upon incidents in the child-life of his companion, when he himself belonged to the old plantation, and the former was a constant visitor at Belle Vue as the playmate of “Ma’m’selle”—to all of which Henry Pascal lent an attentive ear.

Kingfisher’s sense of deference induced him frequently to pause, and the conversation on his part was only renewed under some soliciting remark from his companion. One of these pauses proved extended. The old negro had just spoken incidentally of M. Tardiffe, and the mention of the name called up a train of

thought which Henry Pascal wondered at himself for not having before considered. In the hurried information given by Jacque at the parting moment one of the few items was that M. Tardiffe was in the camp. What could he be doing there? Many were the surmises to which this question gave rise. Was it in his own behalf (for he had properties at Dondon he might wish to save), or in that of his friends, or of the prisoners, or the colony at large? He finally settled down into the opinion that the colonial legislature, then in session at the Cape, must have deputed him on some mission of conciliation or humanity. Could he be the person, it flashed across his mind, who had spoken against him to Dessalines? No, no, he would not entertain the thought. Little as he admired the character of the man, of so foul a plot he could not possibly be the author. In truth, it was a satisfaction to him not to know the author. He was so thankful for his deliverance (at least thus far wrought), so grateful for the friends that had been given him, so filled with happy anticipations, the frame of

his mind was so joyful and loving, he was glad he knew no one to rouse counter emotions. Ruminations about M. Tardiffe, however, were far less pleasing than Kingfisher's reminiscences, and breaking from them with a remark in reference to the old plantation life, he gave the cue to his companion, who started off again with his charming anecdotes, taking care to have "Massa Henry" and "Ma'm'selle" always appear together, and relating, with great gusto, the prognostications the negroes were wont to indulge in with regard to them. His narrations had all the minuteness of detail with which age recalls early impressions, and if, in his efforts to please, fancy should to some extent have lent her aid, it was a tribute to the old negro's kindly heart, if not to his absolute veracity.

A two-hours' run had been made, when it became necessary for Kingfisher to concentrate energy upon the paddle. The Massacre by this time had fairly entered the savannas towards the coast, and the current slowed. A few sharp strokes, now on this side, now on

that, and kept up with the endurance of a veteran boatman, sent the light craft forward. An hour later they passed into the broad, deep St. Iago or Yaqui; and within the next hour, near midnight, made a final landing at the foot of the pathway that led to Kingfisher's home. A fourth of a mile off, in the midst of a small clearing, stood the cabin, which belonged to the better class of negro dwellings. The posts were bamboo, the sides wattles, with rafters of sweetwood, on which the ordinary thatch was laid. Interiorly it was plastered and white-washed. There were two rooms, one for sleeping, the other for cooking, and well furnished with ordinary negro household articles. Bella, Kingfisher's spouse, had long retired, and not expecting her "old man" at such an hour, and the times being so out of joint, she was startled on hearing approaching footsteps, which her ear, too, detected as belonging to more than one person, and in sharp tones demanded the cause of the intrusion. Reassured on recognizing the familiar voice, Bella delayed not admittance, when, receiving

a word from Kingfisher, she hastened back to frock herself, and returning almost instantly, struck a light, and, with every mark of alacrity, set about preparations for lodging her guest. The provision was simple enough, yet sufficient. In a corner of the room, intended for a mattress, lay a pile of dried cocoa-nut leaves, and these, spread out and topped with a bamboo mat, constituted the bed into which Henry Pascal was fain to turn.

Next morning all were up betimes; for the heart-rending condition of Cape François menaced by foe and famine, was attracting succors from every quarter, and any hour they might signal a craft making for the Cape from some one of the Spanish towns or settlements up the river. Kingfisher started off for his fish-pots. Meanwhile, Bella, whose manner indicated to Henry Pascal not only that she knew all but that he had in her a good friend also, had gotten out her bread-stones and charcoal furnace, and having bruised the moistened corn into the finest flour, deftly kneaded it into cakes, and had the tortillas ready against Kingfisher's

return with a string of snappers and yellow-tails. Breakfast followed, of fish, tortillas, yams, and plantains, each the best of its kind, with the strong coffee in use among the negroes. Henry Pascal, who had suffered on prison rations, lingered before the first tasty fare he had seen for some days, and Kingfisher, leaving him at the board, hastened out to prepare a station for signalling any incoming or outgoing vessel. He returned speedily, and the two at once started off, Bella, of course, receiving a warm adieu.

The location chosen was a third of a league away, just at the river's embouchure, where the channel curved somewhat westward, and a species of small, fan-leaved palm, scarce fifteen feet high, densely covered the shore. Mingled among the palms were sea-side grape-trees, thick with crimson-veined leaves and bunches of red berries, and a clump of these growths, with the slightest aid from Kingfisher, formed at once both a shelter from the heat and a hiding-place from any chance hostile blacks, whilst affording the amplest outlook seaward.

They had remained here perhaps an hour when a sail was seen making down the river. It was a three-masted craft, with jibs out and all her canvas set. As she stood two miles off, abreast the point, Henry Pascal and Kingfisher came out upon an open space on the beach, and waved a token repeatedly, and even ventured halloos; but she sailed past, not recognizing or unheeding the signals. It was a bitter disappointment. Kingfisher was sympathizing, his consolations running in this wise: that Monday was always a good day for ships; that he knew another would be along after a while; that he was sure it would come nearer in, with a variety of similar reflections very creditable to his kind-heartedness, after indulging in which he presently took a turn up the river for certain nets and fish-baskets that had now been without attention for several days, and in examining which he could also have an eye for passing sails.

By this time the fierce tropical sun was well up, and Henry Pascal, seeking his shelter, had leisure to observe the surroundings. The tide

was low on a smooth, snowy beach, and the white breakers came rolling in, to expand, coalesce, and spread out in broad sheets upon the foamy shore. Below him, at the extremity of the curve making from the point of the embouchure, a group of pelicans were disporting, some sailing on flagging wing, some plunging for prey, while others preened their plumage, perched on the fibrous roots of the palms, which here and there formed stretches of vaulted open network along high-water mark. In imagination his eye followed up the beach, and with a sweep was fifty miles away at the Cape, and many and long were his musings, When he recalled himself to his surroundings. an hour, he thought, must have thus passed. The sun had perceptibly advanced. The tide, too, having turned, was now rushing in with a freshening breeze, and he was watching the swift arrows of water shoot along the line of contact, where the advancing swell, about to break on the shore, met the reflow of its predecessor, when Kingfisher came running up as fast as his stiff leg would allow, with the

intelligence that a sail was on the way down the river. In a moment she emerged within view, and when nearly against the point made a tack that brought her far towards the western side. The signals were observed, and Henry Pascal's heart bounded; for it was the final assurance of safety, and the cry of the Ten Thousand rose within him, "*Thalassa! thalassa!*" on seeing the sails slacken and the anchor heaved. A boat put off, and Henry Pascal, after pouring out his gratitude to Kingfisher, and wringing the old negro's hand again and again, was presently aboard. It proved to be the brigantine *Elizabeth*, trading between the Cape and the Spanish settlements on the Yaqui.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPE FRANÇOIS AGAIN.



TORMS and head-winds followed that afternoon and the next day, retarding progress, and it was not till the afternoon of Wednesday, the last day of August, that the *Elizabeth* anchored in the harbor of Cape François. The news of Henry Pascal's arrival spread with the greatest rapidity throughout the city, and excited the liveliest interest; for he was well known and popular, and his hapless capture had been a universal theme. He was on everybody's lips, and great numbers sought him personally, as well on his own account as to learn the first really authentic tidings from the negro camp. On reaching shore he hastened to the Hôtel de Ville—where, indeed, the news had preceded

him—to meet his father, who received him as though from the dead. While here a message comes from the governor-general, M. Blanche-lande, and the next two hours are passed in reporting before him and the chief officers commanding in the city such information as he had been able to gather respecting the strength, efficiency, and temper of the black army, together with the immediate movements contemplated by Dessalines, and his purpose towards the prisoners. The circumstances of his escape he dwelt upon only in a general way, concealing, for obvious reasons, the names of his benefactors. But late that evening, after receiving a host of friends, he privately gave the full details to his father and Colonel Tournier, who were delighted beyond measure at the devotion shown by Jacque and Kingfisher, and, in truth, often fairly wept over the recital.

Next morning he went aboard the *Sappho*, whose decks now wore the usual aspect, all the fugitives, save the Tournier family, having returned to the Cape on the subsidence of the

panic. Madame Tourner, in expectation of the visit, was all ready to receive him. The Colonel, the preceding afternoon, the moment he caught the report of Henry Pascal's return flying about the city, had despatched a messenger to his wife with the news. She communicated it to Captain Winslow, of the *Sappho*, who immediately went ashore. He was one of the officers before whom, at the governor-general's residence, Henry Pascal reported, and through him the latter conveyed word to Madame Tourner that he would call on the morrow.

A great change had taken place in certain of her views. As her daughter lay in delirium, and life for hours trembled in the balance, bitterly did she reproach herself as the cause, in having been a party to M. Tardiffe's scheme and so urgent for his suit. In spite, also, of her partiality for the man, the more she reflected the more her generous nature was compelled to admit the utter meanness of this scheme, to which she had assented under a supreme sense of helplessness and despair.

Her daughter's illness, too, had opened her eyes to values she had hitherto not fully weighed. It has been before observed that beneath Madame Tournier's worldliness, the accident rather of a sunny nature and tempting surroundings, beat a warm, womanly heart, and deep currents flowed out towards her husband and daughter. But these currents had been moving on undisturbed for years, and she knew not how vitally they bound her till a sudden fear of interruption revealed their strength. Never before had her daughter been so critically ill; for the first time she saw herself menaced with the loss of her only child—and all this because she had been seeking M. Tardiffe's gold. Sorely did she bewail and lament her folly. It was a grief that swallowed up every other. What was gold—she so often bitterly cried within herself, as those watching, anxious hours passed—against her daughter's life and love? She all but cursed the gold, and, terribly stung with self-reproaches, vowed, if her child was spared, never more to cross her affections.

For Henry Pascal's escape she was, indeed, overjoyed. All on a sudden it opened up new hopes, and, naturally enough, she took a more rational and better view of his prospects. The opening in Jamaica she now regarded as very good, and Henry Pascal fully able to improve it. She thought, too—doubting not they would all go thither—that the English ancestry of her husband would tend to help him to opportunities in this prosperous English colony; and altogether there was much, in her opinion, to be thankful for. For very plain reasons she earnestly hoped Henry Pascal's escape had been in no way connected with the efforts of M. Tardiffe. That the latter had not returned with him gave ground for such a hope, and the replies to the first questions addressed to her visitor put her mind at rest in this direction. *His* first question was of Mademoiselle, whose dangerous illness he had heard of through the Colonel. A week had just elapsed since the beginning of the attack. It had been of great severity, but comparatively short, and it was a coincidence that the crisis had passed the

very day of Henry Pascal's return. As the fever ebbed and the delirium went off her inquiries after Henry Pascal were anxiously repeated, and the ship's surgeon advised that the news of his return be at once, yet gently, communicated. Madame Tournier had feared that complications connected with M. Tardiffe might prove a source of distress, and delayed the tidings till she had seen Henry Pascal himself and learnt particulars. Relieved on finding that "the news" was unencumbered, she replied in fine spirits to her visitor's question, saying her daughter was better, and might be able to see him presently, and asked to be allowed to retire a moment to aid in some preparations.

The attack had left Émilie Tournier prostrated in body and in mind. The events which immediately preceded and led up to it seemed to her a ghastly dream, and when the reality broke upon her the effort to recall them was unsatisfactory. She remembered having interceded with M. Tardiffe, and his expression of willingness to oblige her, but what followed

was all indistinct. Whether he had gone, or how he had gone, she could not tell. The circumstances were wholly confused, only that she retained an impression of something sinister connected with them; and to the clearing up of the mystery her earliest inquiries were directed. Her mother, however, gave evasive replies, and endeavored, in her enfeebled state, to lead her mind in less disquieting directions. As Madame Tournier now entered the apartment of her fever-worn daughter the latter, still engrossed with the one thought, turned towards her and said :

“The servant tells me you’ve had a visitor.”

“Yes, Émilie.”

“Has he brought news?”

“Yes, my darling; some authentic tidings from Dessalines have just reached the Cape.”

“What of the prisoners?” she cried with sudden energy, partly raising herself as she spoke, but, immediately sinking back in the vain effort to sustain the position.

“Be calm, my dear child. The news is *not* bad. We hear that Dessalines, being in

need of funds, is disposed to ransom the prisoners."

A momentary flush of satisfaction which brightened her features and seemed to expand her frame passed away as she replied in slow, halting, drooping tones :

"To hear of ransom is better than to hear of death, but where can the means be had ? and what must the end not be ?"

"Possibly, Émilie, he may have escaped. Monsieur Pascal is known and liked by the negroes generally, and he must have friends in the black army."

"O maman ! don't oppress me with vain hopes."

"Well, Émilie, the news really is that he *has* escaped."

"Escaped !" replied the daughter, bending upon her mother a look of the deepest interest.

"Yes, escaped through the aid of Jacque Beattie. Rumor has it that Monsieur Pascal descended the *Riviere du Massacre* by night, and he is supposed to be now at some point on the coast."

“Heaven be praised!” exclaimed the daughter, with a beaming countenance. “Yet,” she added thoughtfully, “dangers must still surround him.”

“Suppose, Émilie,” said Madame Tournier, as an arch smile played over her features, “the point on the coast it is thought he has reached should be Cape François!”

Regarding her mother with a half-frightened expression, as if she could not think she would trifle with her, yet afraid of trusting such perfect news, she asked solemnly:

“Maman, can you be jesting?”

“Let us thank God, my child; Monsieur Pascal is indeed safe at the Cape, and all the city rejoices.”

To this announcement Émilie Tournier could only reply by burying her face in her handkerchief and weeping for joy.

When the burst of feeling had presently passed she turned to her mother, and with eyes still filling with happy tears, said in a deprecating voice:


“Surely, maman, you are not deceiving me?”

“Well, my child,” smilingly rejoined Madame Tourner, “if you can’t believe me, I shall allow Monsieur Pascal to speak for himself. Our visitor is none other than he, and he awaits my return for permission to see you.”

Another application of the handkerchief now became unavoidable, Madame Tourner the meanwhile giving hasty touches here and there to complete the order of the apartment. It is scarcely necessary to add that the effect of the interview was in every way salutary, and that Émilie Tourner’s improvement advanced with astonishing rapidity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

HE day following Admiral Affleck, in response to the appeal for help, arrived from Jamaica with the frigates *Blonde* and *Daphne*. Seeing he could effect nothing against the insurgents, concentrated, as they were, in the interior, he resolved to return, after landing supplies and debarking a force to aid in securing the Cape's defence till troops should be sent from the mother country. He delayed departure a few days, to enable certain families, who had determined upon leaving San Domingo at once, to complete arrangements. Among these were the Pascals and Tourners.

In the mail for Cape François, brought by the *Blonde*, was a letter which Mr. Harrison

had directed to Henry Pascal at Kingston, and which the latter's uncle had forwarded. It contained a formal offer, on advantageous terms, to open an agency at Kingston, to which offer Henry Pascal, resigning his military office, promptly wrote an acceptance. Colonel Tourner, after full consultation with his family, also determined upon going thither. Nothing could now be done at the Cape. Opportunities of some sort, he considered, would present themselves in Jamaica, and it would be far better to await there the issue of San Domingo affairs. He therefore relinquished his command, his military services being no longer necessary; Émilie Tourner was carefully removed to the *Blonde*, and the latter part of the week the good ship safely reached Kingston. Here Henry Pascal succeeded far beyond his expectations, and in due time his nuptials with Émilie Tourner were celebrated. Within a few years he became the Jamaica partner of the Harrison house. Ultimately, upon Mr. Harrison's decease, the Kingston branch passed absolutely into his hands, and he rose to

wealth and influence. As for Colonel Tourner, though his San Domingo possessions were irretrievably lost, he fairly prospered at Kingston, living happily near his daughter, and occasionally accompanying his son-in-law to London, where the latter had established business relations.

M. Tardiffe became a victim to Dessalines' wrath, falling into the trap he had prepared for another. When the guard, in turn, came on duty the night of the escape and found his comrade dead and the prisoner gone, an alarm was sounded through the camp. Little, however, could be done before morning, when every effort was made to obtain a clue, but in vain. Dessalines was in a tremendous fury. Naturally he suspected Jacque Beattie, as having been a favored servant in the Pascal family, and set afoot some secret investigations. But Jacque had cleverly concealed his tracks, and nothing was discovered. While brooding over the matter, his rage at being baffled growing with his potations, Dessalines remembered M. Tardiffe's saying he knew the Pascals

well, and how very desirous he was that his presence in camp should not be known to Henry Pascal; and, altogether, his drunken suspicions being aroused, he did not stickle ordering him to be searched, when, to the astonishment of every one, including M. Tardiffe himself, who had not thought of the ensnaring document, the note from Madame Tourner was found. Dessalines was convinced of his complicity in the escape, would listen to nothing from him, threw him into prison, and a day or two after, on hearing of the tortures inflicted upon captured blacks at the Cape, in a gust of passion ordered all the prisoners to execution.

Jacque Beattie bore an active part in the long and dreadful struggle that finally ended, twelve years later, in the complete triumph of the blacks, under Jean Dessalines. He had become full weary of war, and the peace that followed the proclamation of black independence proved a profound disappointment. Jean Dessalines was the counterpart of his twin-brother, Paul, and his horribly wicked and

bloody rule so disgusted Jacque that he disposed of his possessions, which had now become considerable, and came to Kingston. He was at once manumitted by Henry Pascal, who with every member of his own and his wife's family held him in great honor, and never grew weary in manifestations of gratitude. He lived at Kingston many years, and as "Colonel Beattie" was a familiar and highly-respected character. It was through Jacque that Monsieur Tardiffe's perfidy and the circumstances of his fate first became known.

Henry Pascal made repeated efforts, but in vain, to get tidings of Kingfisher. For the noble old fellow he always kept a fresh, warm place in his heart, and his memory as a grand hero was transmitted to his little children, whom he would often delight with the story of his rescue and escape. His eldest child, by the way, was called Jacque, and for another he gravely suggested to his wife the name of "Kingfisher;" but she deemed it altogether too bizarre, and they agreed upon Francis, Kingfisher's original prænomén.







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